THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

The Dawes Plan

ALL Europe is concerned over the question of priority as between Reparations payments and private loans to Germany that Mr. Parker Gilbert's recent warning to the German Ministry of Finance has brought to the fore. The *Outlook's* correspondent in Berlin suggests that Germany will go the way of all flesh and set up a financial dictator in the person of Hjalmar Schacht, Governor of the Reichsbank. It is characteristic of modern Germany that her leading citizen should be a business man, and Dr. Schacht's appearance and record are described as follows: 'He is big-boned and angular, like his native Friesians. His naturally blunt manner has been sharpened by Prussian training to abrupt directness. He bangs his fist on the table in best dictatorial fashion, making *Staatsdiener* tremble like pantry boys. Had he gone into the army, he would either have become a commander-in-chief or else would have been cashiered early for insubordination. He was the man of the hour at the time of mark stabilization. Though known as the man who saved the mark, he shares that honor with the group that devised the Rentenmark, the temporary currency that made the transition from inflation to stability possible. His aim was to model the Reichsbank on the imposing lines of the Bank of England. Doubtless he hoped to see his personal position in Germany become much that of his friend and early protector, Mr. Montagu Norman, in England. But Mr. Norman likes anonymity in wielding his influence, shrinks from publicity, and makes the Bank of England a monastic retreat. Dr. Schacht, on the other hand, goes from one newspaper controversy into another. He has pushed the Reichsbank into the foreground of most of the economic conflicts of the past year. His personal intervention in outside fields is such that he is suspected of seeking to become a sort of composite German Norman-Churchill-Cunliffe-Lister.' The same paper comments editorially on the sentimental genuflections that 'many men of good will' have made before the Dawes Plan, and professes not to 'know why any of us in Europe should worry frightfully about the Reparations question. Anyhow, should the thing

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work out we shall not benefit by it. Professor Bertil Ohlin, of the Svenska Handelsbanken, another Scandinavian authority, recently put it very concretely: "The Allies will act chiefly as intermediaries between Germany and the United States, — except Great Britain, who will have to take something out of her own pocket, — and the *whole of the indemnity payments will go to the United States*. It is indeed an irony of fate that the country which has renounced all claim to an indemnity is eventually to receive the whole of it."'

But the fact remains that Europe does 'worry' about Reparations, and for many excellent reasons. French opinion greeted Mr. Gilbert's rebuke with enthusiasm, if only, as *Le Temps* says, because 'it appears to have provoked lively excitement in Berlin political circles,' and has again stimulated the Nationalist German press to agitate for a revision of the Dawes Plan. 'Mr. Parker Gilbert's warning,' the same paper continues, 'has at least produced the result of clearly placing in advance the responsibility for any breakdown that may occur in the execution of the Dawes Plan.' *Journal des Débats* goes into a long analysis of the strong influence at work to convince Germany and the world at large that the present Reparations scheme is unworkable. Stresemann's organ, the *Tägliche Rundschau*, printed Professor Cassel's statement on the impossibility of executing the Plan, although Stresemann himself has been backing up the attitude of Mr. Gilbert and Dr. Schacht.

Among other things, *Journal des Débats* claims that Russia is the real villain of the piece, because Germany's excess credits go out to her. The *Berliner Börsenzeitung* estimates that eight hundred million marks have been lent to the Soviets, either on short-term loans or on longer-term loans which the Reich is backing to the extent of sixty per cent.

Considerations of political as well as financial prestige make France strongly favor full execution of the Dawes Plan provisions, and the *Daily Telegraph's* diplomatic correspondent shows why England too is vitally interested: 'In the course of the coming year Germany will be called upon, for the first time since the institution of the Dawes Plan in 1924, to pay in full the standard annuity stipulated under that plan, an indemnity of 2,500,000,000 gold marks (£125,000,000). Of this annuity Great Britain will be entitled to claim as her share 22 per cent, or, approximately, £27,500,000, a sum which, if applied to the relief of the heavily burdened income-tax payer of this country, would connote, roughly speaking, a reduction of fivepence-halfpenny in the pound on that primary impost. Even if due allowance be made for the deduction from that total of the percentage assigned to the Dominions and of the charges involved by the British Occupation Army in the Rhineland and the working costs of the Dawes Plan administration, the balance should still suffice, other circumstances permitting, to enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remit fourpence on the present rate of income-tax — no trifling boon.'

Jules Sauerwein's interview with an important German banker, which we print among our leading articles, gives the German side of the case, and here we only point out the two chief causes of the sudden publicity this dispute has attracted. In the first place, Mr. Gilbert's note, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, was written at the direct instigation of Herr Köhler, German Minister of Finance, and, in the second place, Germany's first full payment under the Dawes Plan will be due next September. Mr. Gilbert

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clearly felt that his duty obliged him to prepare in advance for some of the trouble this will arouse. Certain rumors allege that a general revision of Reparations is being contemplated, together with a lowering of tariff rates that will allow Germany to trade her way back to solvency.

British Politics

The name of Lloyd George is likely to come increasingly forward in the course of the next few months. Tory prestige is at a low ebb, and the appointment of the sixty-six-year-old Mr. Ronald M'Neill to fill the place in the Cabinet vacated by Lord Robert Cecil, three years his junior, called forth this rebuke from the Conservative *Spectator:* 'We are glad to read in the *Times* a strong leading article complaining that the opportunity has not been seized for a considerable reconstitution of the Administration. How is youth being served? The appeal of Unionism must be to youth, or it will perish. Yet youth receives scant recognition and little official training in the Government.' As for Lloyd George, he has jumped into the limelight with a speech on disarmament. Again the Conservative *Spectator* revealed its disgust at the present Government in the following comment apropos of Lloyd George's strictures on the Naval Disarmament Conference: 'The situation was that if Great Britain provided for her minimum of naval police-work she would have no tonnage left over to match the large new cruisers which the United States demanded the right to build. Mr. Lloyd George addressed himself especially to this point. If war between Great Britain and the United States is "unthinkable," as everybody says it is, why not act as though that statement were an axiom and agree to the United States becoming in respect of large cruisers appreciably superior to Great Britain? If war is really "unthinkable," what harm would be done? Do we really mean what we say?' The *Spectator*, to be sure, is proverbially more friendly to the United States than the other British weeklies, but these two comments show a new sympathy for Lloyd George and a new distrust of Baldwin that are likely to grow and even come to a head during 1928. The Liberal *Nation and Athenæum* applauded the Welsh wizard's speech as follows: 'If there have been suspicions, however gratuitous, that Mr. Lloyd George is lukewarm in the cause of the League of which he was one of the creators, this passionate utterance must destroy them. His great achievements as War Minister were in reality off the true course of his career, and out of tune with his essential spirit. He began as a minister of peace, and his hatred of war was only intensified in the mournful glory of victory. This speech marks his resumption on the world stage of his old rôle. It was a sombre, disturbing speech. There was not a gleam of vivacity in it. It was indeed a series of commonplaces, which derived all their weight from the man who spoke them. The orator's magic was at work, of course, giving emotional force to these broad, simple, and terrifying statements, but it was for once subordinate. "So long as you have great armaments, you will have great wars." That is the root of the matter, yet as one reads the words it seems that anyone might have said them.'

'Big Bill'

To judge from the tone and volume of the comments that have appeared in the British press on the subject of Chicago's crusading mayor, the surest way to attract an Englishman's attention, and even a certain amused respect, is to tell him to 'keep his snoot' out of your town. The *New Statesman* nearly burst into tears over the sad conditions that Mayor Thompson's activities have

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brought to light. After the usual assurances that the Mayor of Chicago is *not* a typical American, — though what country he is typical of nobody seems to say, — the *New Statesman* goes on to inform its readers that the German, Irish, Italian, Russian, and other non-American elements who form an overwhelming majority of Chicago's population make it good politics for a Chicago campaigner to adopt Mayor Thompson's truculent tone. The same paper then states that many Americans outside Chicago have been weaned on a version of American history that made Britain appear a natural enemy from the days of '76 until well after the Civil War. In the last war, however, our textbooks were revised in the interests of pro-Ally propaganda, and the *New Statesman* feels that this task was performed 'hastily and unwisely.' What we witness now is merely a reaction of the anti-British feeling that seems to be second nature to a great many American citizens, not perhaps 'representative' of America, but numerous and vociferous in any case.

The *Saturday Review*, for instance, remarks: 'America is always being done disservices by her least representative citizens. "Big Bill" Thompson, who presides over the municipal destinies of Chicago, is, we imagine, as little like the average American as is a three-eyed haddock.' The *Outlook* calls Thompson a 'pathological specimen,' not a demagogue. The worst thing that the *Daily Herald* can say is that Thompson resembles Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary and anti-Red par excellence. The American's notion that Englishmen regard him 'either as an upstart or a comic figure,' according to the same paper, has already become a serious political fact that Big Bill Thompson personifies. Yet, according to the *Saturday Review*, 'a distinguished Englishman' has asked Mr. Thompson to join the Come-to-Britain movement and be his guest. How many wistful Anglophiles would be proud to receive the honor that has fallen upon Chicago's mighty mayor. Surely his is an ample fame.

Anxious France

Our brief opening article by the *Outlook's* Paris correspondent expresses the anxiety that many recent developments in France reflect. The acquittal of Schwartzbard, murderer of the Ukrainian General Petlura, aroused the greatest excitement in Paris. The Communist *Humanité* and the Clerical-Conservative *Écho de Paris* assigned their most skillful reporters and cartoonists to the trial, whose outcome may be taken as symptomatic of the Radical revival that Poincaré will have to cope with during the coming session of the Chamber. Just what line the Premier will take remains uncertain, but expediency will be likely to decide him to throw over his supporters on the Right, as well as M. Briand, — now reduced to impotence anyway, — and to take up with some more promising faction to the Left. Robert Dell, an acute critic of French affairs, remarks in the *Nation and Athenæum:* 'The present Government may not last until the general election in its present form. It is not to M. Poincaré's own interest that it should, for the "National Union" could hardly survive an election in which its component parts had been fighting one another, especially if the election resulted in a victory for the Left, and, if he went into the election as Prime Minister of the Government of "National Union," he would disappear with it. So, although I make no prophecy, it would not surprise me if M. Poincaré made an opportunity of getting rid of his Right Wing, more probably early next year than before the end of this. The ordinary session of Parliament will begin, according to

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the Constitution, on January 10, and between then and the general election there will be time for a change.' It remains to be seen whether the Radicals would favor this plan as eagerly as Poincaré himself might.

The *Outlook* advances the suggestion that Clemenceau may return to public life at the age of eighty-six, pointing out that Gladstone resumed power at eighty-three and that the old Tiger is as vigorous as ever. In his last book Clemenceau denounced both Bolshevism and Fascism, and a strong sympathy has lately developed between him and the *Action Française*.

Italy and Zionism

Kölnische Zeitung's Rome correspondent spins an ingenious theory about Italy's ambitions in the Near East, especially in relation to the Zionist movement. Ever since the San Remo Conference put the Jewish national home in Palestine under British control, Italian Nationalists have resented that a meeting held on their native soil should have thwarted one of their dearest hopes. Italian ambitions in respect to Syria are well known, and they have helped to circulate many wild rumors concerning the rearrangement of various Mediterranean mandates. Syria and Palestine together comprise a valuable economic unit, and Italy has hoped that the good relations Mussolini has developed with the Vatican will give a moral prestige to her claim and help to prevent the nation whose forbears crucified Christ from coming into possession of the Holy City.

Unfortunately for Italy, however, England and other less idealistic forces must be reckoned with, and England apparently has little intention of giving up the excellent territory which she has acquired in the Near East and which she is rapidly developing as a gateway to India and as a link between Egypt and Asia — to say nothing of its intrinsic value. The *Kölnische Zeitung's* correspondent implies that the dealings between Mussolini and the Holy See have not ignored this problem, but concludes that no force will be able to prevail against the desire of Britain to hold on to her possessions in that part of the world or against the zeal of certain wealthy American Zionists to have their oppressed fellows from Central Europe routed to Jerusalem instead of toward New York.

The visit that the Prince of Udine and the Italian squadron paid to Tangier on the fifth anniversary of the Fascist dictatorship was interpreted as a gesture of warning to France, England, and Spain, into whose hands the destiny of Morocco has been confided since 1912. Now, however, that the Italian colony at Tangier is as numerically strong as the British, Rome seems to feel that the time has arrived for a general shake-up. According to the *Westminster Gazette*, Italy has never recognized the validity of the 1912 agreements, although the semiofficial *Temps* brings these documents sharply forward and warns Italy that she has no business to meddle in other people's affairs. The French are also suspicious of the fact that the local correspondent of the London *Times* announced that he was 'authorized' to transmit to his paper the news that Italy had felt that her voice should be heeded in any negotiations. 'Authorized by whom?' asks *Le Temps*, and does not stay for an answer. Obviously Sir Austen's secret interview with Primo is beginning to bear fruit.

Russia

Rumors of Party dissension in Russia have been clouding the preparations for the great 'day' of Communism to be celebrated in Moscow in December, and, as a contributor to *Vorwärts* suggests in this issue, the people are discontented.

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This, however, is nothing new in the former empire of the Tsars, and even the Conservative *Saturday Review* cannot make its wish for a change father to the thought that one is likely to occur. It comments as follows: 'Even the workers, of whom two million are said to be unemployed, have less reason to grumble under Bolshevism than they had under Tsarism, and the intellectuals are too few and too delicately nurtured to be able to overthrow a system which has treated them with unparalleled brutality. These unpalatable facts hinder us from sharing the widespread belief that the expulsion of Trotskii from the Central Committee of the Communist Party indicates a change of régime in the near future. If Trotskii were to overthrow Stalin, Bolshevism would become more uncompromising than ever; if Stalin destroys Trotskii, he will be far stronger than Lenin was ten years ago.'

The *Manchester Guardian* takes a slightly different view, feeling that the 'Trotskii problem' is a serious one. As the organizer of the Red army and the only great revolutionist left who was conspicuously identified with the Bolshevist upheaval, he enjoys tremendous prestige throughout the country. This paper remarks: 'To have Trotskii assassinated would, of course, be quite in keeping with the method employed by the present rulers of Russia. No moral scruples would deter them for a moment, but whether it would be possible to invent an explanation ingenious enough to satisfy the Russian public is another matter. The struggle between Trostskii and Stalin is of great human and spectacular interest, but its political importance should not be overrated. The Russian Opposition is animated partly by a doctrinaire policy and partly by personal animosity against Stalin, but it is without a practical policy, and it tends to hinder rather than promote any improvement in the relations between Russia and the rest of the world. In no case is it a movement that will advance the cause of democracy in Russia. The Russian champions of that cause are all in prison or in exile. Trotskii, like Stalin, cares nothing for human liberty.' The *Daily Herald*, as the Labor organ, takes an almost cheerful view, based on the birthday gift bestowed by a grateful Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union upon a deserving proletariat in reward for ten years' hard labor under Bolshevist rule. The Committee promises to reduce the working day from eight to seven hours within the next few years and maintain the present wage scale. It undertakes to increase by twenty-five million dollars the budget to build new workers' homes.

Vassef Pasha, the Turkish admiral who presides over the Straits Commission, gives the Secretariat of the League of Nations the following report of the personnel of the Red fleet in the Black Sea.

SHIPS IN COMMISSION

Class	Vessels
Light cruisers	1
Submarines	5
First-class torpedo boats	3
Mine sweepers	8
Patrol boats	5
Motor launches	6
Auxiliary vessels*	2
Training ships	3

* Unarmed

SHIPS WITHOUT EFFECTIVES

Part of Black Sea Fleet, at present at Bizerta, which are to return to the Black Sea	
Battleships	1
Light cruisers	1
First-class torpedo boats	6
Submarines	4

NAVAL AIRCRAFT

Training seaplanes	15

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Some of these vessels formerly belonged to Wrangel, and few, if any, are fit for fighting.

Norway and Finland

As a result of the fall elections in Norway, the Socialists now constitute the largest single group in Parliament, and if they win the support of the Radicals the country will be governed by a Left Wing bloc. The Conservative-Liberal-Agrarian coalition that has been in control since 1924 will not, presumably, be able to win over the Radicals, and, even if it did succeed in this manœuvre, such a varied group could hardly be expected to govern firmly or consistently for any length of time. Socialist tendencies, especially those emanating from the Second International, have always been strong in the Scandinavian countries, but Communism never made much headway. The new Parliament will, therefore, be likely to confine itself to enlightened social reform and not go in for anything revolutionary. Norway's foreign policy is not expected to undergo any great change. The country has always turned toward England, while Sweden favors Germany, and these conditions are likely to continue.

A Helsingfors correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* paints an optimistic picture of the present condition of Finland. Its Socialist government, roughly similar to the one that may be expected in Norway, is headed by an experienced business man, many of whose ministers, including a lady in charge of social reforms, have had practical experience in the activities they are now supervising. Finland's lumber exports surpass those of Sweden, and the metal and textile industries, as well as agriculture, have shown improvement. The discount rate on money has fallen from 10 to 6½ per cent in the last four years, and the railways are rapidly being electrified. The country can now feed itself, and there is no unemployment.

The only fly in the ointment is Sweden, whose cultural and financial influences are looked upon with distrustful disapproval. Swedes control three of the four large Helsingfors banks, and occupy important positions in public life and in the universities. Finland, with its high birth-rate and rapidly swelling national consciousness, looks upon Sweden very much as Italy looks upon France.

The Balkans

Our two articles on Bratiano in this issue make further comment on the Rumanian situation superfluous here. It is hard to tell how Rumanian foreign policy would be influenced in the unlikely event of the Liberal Premier's fall, but it seems in any case probable that the country would have to follow its present course of hostility to Russia, Italy, and Hungary, and of friendship toward France. The French, to judge from Bratiano's discreet comments, wholly approve of the present régime, and Carol's uncertain and unformed political views would not help greatly in reorganizing the nation.

Mussolini's alleged desire to foment trouble between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia is said to have hastened the signing of the Franco-Yugoslav Treaty. In any case, France's aim is to strengthen Yugoslavia's hand in case of further disputes and to prevent Italy from acquiring complete hegemony in the Balkans. Italy has also been embarrassed by uprisings in Albania, where friends of Cena Bey, the assassinated envoy at Prague, accuse his brother-in-law, Ahmed, the dictator, of being responsible for the murder. Ahmed lives in daily fear of his life, and in accordance with the Tirana Treaty he summoned Italian protection.

In Hungary Count Bethlen has promised to comply with the wishes of

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the League, and proposes in the course of the next few years to do away with some of the restrictions that have hitherto prevented Jews from obtaining university degrees and barred them from various professional careers. A clean sweep of the many mediæval institutions still in vogue cannot, however, be expected quite yet.

Japan To-day

The *Japan Advertiser* utters a few home truths for the benefit of an American newspaper man who recently passed through Tokyo on his way home from Russia and China, where he had acquired the idea that the Japanese are continuing the imperialist policy they pursued just after the war. It seems that Russia and China, in the light of sad experience, still suspect Japan's designs in Asia, and ignore, according to the *Japan Advertiser*, the new turn that Tokyo has taken since 1921. Discovering that the Chinese answered coercion with completely effective boycotts, and that naval armaments only aroused the suspicions of her best customer, the United States, Japan has entered a new phase, which the *Japan Advertiser* describes as follows: 'The old idea of expansion has been abandoned and the idea of industrialization has taken its place. Baron Tanaka and his party are as deeply committed to industrialization as their opponents. There has been, in fact, a mental revolution in Japan, and the old militarism has been superseded by an anti-imperialistic reaction. Japan's foreign policy pivots on two motives — friendship with the United States and the good will of China. She has had a clear view of the dangers the old policy led her into, and she is governed by men who are intelligent enough to see that that policy could bring no benefits commensurate with its costs and its risks. The change of government does not imply any change, for Japan's policy is based on the actual circumstances of her position. The players are changed, but the drama is the same, and Baron Tanaka's interpretation of his rôle does not differ in substance from his predecessor's.'

The following comment in *Yorudzu* on Mr. Lamont's visit confirms this view: 'Our financiers who ask Mr. Lamont for economic advice do not care how many fighting ships the United States will build and how narrowly she may limit markets for our labor. In this manner our financiers shake hands with American financiers. They have reason to do so. Japan was rescued from the earthquake devastation by loans advanced by the Morgan Corporation, she erected electric plants with money borrowed from the same company, and her silk industry is maintained through silk stockings worn by modern girls in the United States. Our economic life is indebted to Americans. Although we are not connected with the financial world, we are particularly grateful to America. The purchase of debentures, bonds, shares, and stocks by American bankers will make laboring men and employees in these fields of business come indirectly into the service of American capitalists. We shall make ourselves laborers and employees to take delight in the rapprochement of American and Japanese capital. In case of the rapprochement proving to our advantage, we extend enthusiastic welcome to the movement. What else have we to do?'

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BUSINESS ABROAD

World Market Commodities

Oil, coal, steel, and rubber continue to focus attention in the international commodity market. Notwithstanding the diplomatic break between Great Britain and Russia and the protests of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* to the contrary, Soviet exports of refined oil to Great Britain rose, in round numbers, from 62 million gallons during the first eight months of 1926 to 74 million gallons during the corresponding period of 1927. Continental investors are apparently disquieted by persistent rumors of a misunderstanding between Shell's and the Standard, and have shown an inclination to sell shares in the former company. Meanwhile the Standard has captured contracts to fuel the Cunard, the French, and the International Marine Steamship lines during 1928. While the Americans are thus entrenching upon the British market for crude oil, the Russians are selling gasoline in Great Britain for twopence a gallon cheaper than their English rivals. On the other hand, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company reports profits of some 23 million dollars, or considerably more than the previous year, although its dividend rate has fallen from 17½ per cent to 12½ per cent, on account of the stock bonus distributed to shareholders in 1926. Production in developed fields in Persia and the Argentine remains constant, but prospecting in new areas has yielded no results. The Turkish Petroleum Company, however, in which the Anglo-Persian, the Shell, a French group, and American interests have equal holdings, has struck a huge gusher in Irak, thus bringing in a new and possibly important field.

Overproduction of petroleum is an intermittent malady, but overproduction of coal may prove a chronic ailment. All the world has heard of the British colliery depression. A recent strike in the German lignite fields, which has resulted in a slight increase in wages, has called the attention of the world to the fact that German miners earn less than $1.25 a day in some districts, and not more than $1.50 a shift in the most favorably situated mines. Belgian coal operators have appealed to the Government for permission to reduce wages and lengthen the working day. They have also secured an order requiring the State railways to use only domestic coal and granting lower freight rates to competitive markets.

Omitting the European Steel Cartel, to which we have so often referred in these columns, the difficult situation of British producers has come prominently to the fore this autumn. Their furnaces are working at only a little more than three-fourths capacity, although the country's consumption of raw steel exceeds their maximum possible output. Since 1923 imports of foreign steel have risen in value from 14 million pounds sterling to an anticipated 50 millions the present year. It is doubtful whether the rebate of five shillings a ton that British steel companies have agreed to give all home buyers who will contract to use domestic steel exclusively will have an appreciable effect upon orders. Consumers contend that a ten-shilling rebate would hardly cover the margin in favor of the foreign product. Continental makers find the way facilitated

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for the four million tons of steel they sell Great Britain by export bounties and by subsidized carriage to tidewater, while the British furnacemen receive no similar concessions, are heavily taxed, and are excluded from the markets of their Continental rivals by duties averaging over a pound sterling a ton. During the first half of 1927 the production of steel in the five chief producing countries of the world was as follows: —

United Kingdom	4,989,100 tons
United States	23,618,500 tons
Germany	7,828,900 tons
France	4,006,100 tons
Belgium	1,822,700 tons

Britain's rubber-restriction scheme has proved more than half a failure the present year, but will be continued with drastic amendments that have stiffened the wabbly quotations of plantation shares in the London market. The industry is in an uncertain situation, regardless of the reported success of the Germans in producing a merchantable synthetic rubber, because no scheme of controlling output will be entirely effective until it includes the Netherlands Indies. But the Dutch Government is reluctant to adopt a regulatory policy for theoretical reasons, and is unable to take immediate action because a long and expensive survey of the plantations in Borneo and Sumatra would have to be made before data for a restrictive policy could be assembled.

Rumors of an agreement upon the bases of a huge chemical combine to include German, English, French, Norwegian, and possibly Belgian manufacturers, which have been in the air all summer, have received a new impetus by the German trust's purchase of a share in the Norwegian Hydro-Electric Nitrogen Corporation, which is already closely allied with French concerns. German papers minimize these reports, especially in so far as they imply an attempt to monopolize the chemical industry at the expense of American manufactures and consumers.

An unanticipated decline in tin prices, variously attributed to overproduction and to speculation, has revived the rumor of a world combine to control that metal. Our own country, while not a tin producer, has a hand in this situation, because our consumption, which determines the market, has declined nearly 10 per cent within a year. This is partly because improved processes have enabled our tin-plate makers to economize considerably in the use of that metal. A combine of European aluminum producers, which has been in existence for about a year, is now said to threaten the monopoly of the Aluminum Company of America in our domestic market. Meanwhile the two groups are competing actively to capture the rapidly growing market in the Orient.

British Uncertainties

It is difficult, amid the conflicting and partly tendential reports from Great Britain, to discover the true dividing line between undue optimism and exaggerated pessimism. To many a Britisher his country's business prospects are as gloomy as its November fogs. The great staple industries — coal mining, iron and steel making, and cotton and wool manufacturing — record little improvement as the present year of nominal convalescence wears toward a close. Mr. Churchill's breezy assurance last September that industry was 'in full swing' again was promptly contradicted by current trade statistics. At least, the bright spots in the perspective are so dim as to be debatable. Freight traffic on the railways is slowly picking up, but the bus and the automobile continue to cut down passenger revenues. The shipping outlook is brighter than for several years, and this alone means a good deal to

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seagoing Britain. Bad as the coal trade is, exports are gradually recovering some of the ground they lost during the strike, and a few companies announce heartening dividends. Although only 38 of the 105 blast furnaces on the northeast coast were working at last reports, the stronger iron and steel companies are not losing money. In fact, they look forward to largely enhanced sales, due to the increasing use of steel in construction and for such hitherto novel purposes as 'timbering' mines. On the other hand, wool manufacturers are trying to abolish the eight-hour day under the plea that they are in acute distress, and the Manchester cotton people are gloomier than ever after their premature period of hopefulness last spring. Mr. J. M. Keynes, who aspires to be the Moses to lead the spinners of American cotton, the section hardest hit by the existing depression, out of the mannaless and waterless desert through which they have been wandering, thus summarized the condition of that branch of the industry in a recent address at Manchester: 'There are thousands of looms now standing. Two million spindles are silent. Twenty million spindles are working three days a week. There are 40,000 mill workers unemployed, and most of the rest are on half-wages. Four million spindles are under moratorium schemes for financial reasons familiar to you. Shareholders are not only with no dividends, but are having to pay heavy calls on their shares. Banks are refusing further advances even to technically efficient concerns, and sheds and mills are not being kept in good repair owing to the lack of capital resource.'

Almost simultaneously the Calico Printers' Association, which is one of the great near-trusts in this group of manufactures, in announcing a 7½-per-cent dividend, partly paid from funds carried over from the previous season, 'out of consideration for the fact that our shareholders have, in common with most investors, suffered diminution in their incomes in the past few years,' tempered this happy news with the statement that Great Britain's exports of prints had declined from 33 million to 18½ million pieces of thirty yards each since 1913, and that 'the greater part of this decline is undoubtedly due to the growing intensity of foreign competition, especially in the Near and the Far East.' On the other hand, England's trade statistics show that her exports of mixed fabrics of cotton and artificial silk, which are more than one-half cotton, have risen to 6½ million square yards a month. It is indicative of the state of the cloth and yarn market throughout the world that British makers of textile machinery see little immediate promise of expansion in any quarter.

Among interesting, though hardly representative, items in company reports from London is the following by Crittall Manufacturing, which makes architectural metal work and builders' standard supplies, and records an increase of about one quarter of a million dollars in its net profits in the past year: 'A salient feature in the general scheme of our organization is the successful institution of the five-day week throughout our factories, which change was partially inaugurated as an experiment as far back as January 1926. This experiment was such an unqualified success that it has been extended to all our employees, and the change has yielded highly beneficial results. The opportunity thus afforded of additional hours for recreation and recuperation at the week-end has resulted in improved efficiency to such an extent that, in spite of the diminution in working hours, the output per man has actually increased. It is probably within the

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minds of many of you that in the United States a great organizer of industry has recently adopted this policy, and, in fact, claims for it that it is the most important move of modern times, not only toward the furtherance of economical production, but in the amelioration of labor conditions. With this view we are in complete accord.'

France

Political economics obscure the business situation in France. A superabundance of liquid capital combined with distrust of present industrial prospects has induced investors to place their spare money in government bonds. The international automobile show at Paris gives a hint of the present technical and economic situation. Inflation and high tariffs assure domestic manufacturers nearly a monopoly of the national market. Customs duties upon automobiles, for example, are 45 per cent ad valorem. Consequently, while 83 French makers of passenger cars are exhibited, there were only seven Italians, four Belgians, two English, two Germans, and one Swiss, one Austrian, and one Polish firm among those represented. On the other hand, twenty-two American firms showed their products, although the vehicles they exhibited cost in Paris one fourth more than corresponding cars of domestic make. French manufacturers, however, specialize either in small sport models or luxuriously equipped, high-priced cars, while medium-grade cars were characteristic of the American types exhibited. In the opinion of experts, the latter will eventually capture the market for economic reasons, and our manufacturers are justified in opening the imposing sales premises they have leased in Paris. To quote a German expert, 'experience is bound to demonstrate that the typical French car, with its small cylinder capacity, will soon prove unpractical on account of its limited power and its rapid depreciation . . . but a change to a new type is rendered difficult by the keen competition between the four leading local manufacturers — Citroën, Peugot, Renault, and Donnet.'

Germany

The German business world continues to be preoccupied with loan policies and the Dawes Plan. We have referred elsewhere to the Parker Gilbert note and its political repercussions. The question of Germany's foreign borrowing, her budgetary policies, and the effect of these upon her ability to make Reparations payments, are already well-thrashed straw for *Living Age* readers. The effect of foreign financial control will undoubtedly be to unify still further the group of recently independent states that form the present Reich, and to standardize their fiscal policies under the direction of Berlin. Before the positive action just taken in that direction, the Hansa-Bund struck a blow in behalf of sound monetary policies by presenting a memorandum to the Government confirming Mr. Gilbert's pessimistic warning. It estimated the prospective deficit in national, state, and communal revenues at well over one billion marks, and recommended a general budgetary law requiring the simultaneous approval of any appropriation in excess of the Budget, and of a tax to cover the appropriation, by a two-thirds majority of the Reichstag; and strictly limiting the expenditure of the local governments. The *Statist* contributes this interesting suggestion to the debate. Under the Dawes agreement Germany's payments are to be reduced or increased automatically with fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold when the latter exceed 10 per cent. Gold values as measured by price levels have risen more than 12 per cent since the plan went into effect. Ergo, 'Ger-

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many has here at least a prima facie claim for relief.' The country's exports of manufactured goods are increasing, reaching in September the highest point since the war, although there is still an unfavorable balance of trade. A few weeks ago Woolworth's opened a branch at Bremen. The American corporation will find a powerful German competitor, Rudolph Karstadt A.-G., already in the field with a chain of four-price stores selling articles for 10, 25, 50, and 100 pfennigs, and manufacturing no small fraction of the wares in which it deals.

Russia

To judge by the press of Western Europe, from which we receive most of our information and propaganda concerning Soviet Russia, the treaty between that country and Latvia, signed last June and recently ratified by the Latvian Parliament, has more political than economic significance. It is represented as isolating Esthonia, which has an offensive and defensive alliance with her Baltic neighbor supposed to be directed against Moscow. As we approach the countries directly affected, however, the economic importance of the treaty looms larger. It promises to revive Latvia's industries, which have been depressed since they lost their Greater Russian market after the war. Simultaneously an agreement has been reached between representatives of the two countries regulating the price of flax, of which Latvia and Russia together have almost a world monopoly, which foreshadows the expansion of the linen industry in Latvia. Sweden has likewise entered into an agreement with Russia to facilitate trade between the two countries. While trade between Britain and Russia is decreasing, the latter country's purchases of goods in France have steadily grown, and now amount to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars monthly. The United States, however, seems to have been the principal gainer by the friction between London and Moscow.

The Danube and the Mediterranean

A glimpse of business conditions along the Danube, presumably less biased than those transmitted through chanceries and foreign ministries, is afforded by the last report of the British Danube Navigation Company, whose chairman notes rapid improvements in the region which his Company serves. The seven countries through which the Danube River flows are now all working on practically stabilized currencies. Trade is still hampered, however, by multiplicity of tariff barriers. Local industries which have no real economic justification have been established in order to flatter the pride of the few nationals, and some of the young governments still try to restrict traffic to vessels flying their own flags, although the river is free by treaty to the shipping of all nations. Nevertheless, freight receipts are steadily increasing and the general tenor of the report is optimistic. Italy's industries are still involved in the deflation crisis, with a marked falling off of both production and consumption except in branches indispensable to the day-by-day needs of the nation. This condition is reflected in a decline of the revenues, although the present year's Budget is expected to balance by a narrow margin. The efforts of the Government to adjust the price level to the changing value of the lira have been but moderately successful, and the cost of many articles is abnormally high. For instance, shoes are one-fifth to one-third dearer than in Germany. Late in October the new direct railway line between Rome and Naples was opened and the most difficult part of the electrification of the railway from Bologna to Florence — between the former city and Pistoja — was completed. Spain

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which has one of the highest tariff walls in Europe, with duties averaging 35 per cent ad valorem upon all imports, faces a conflict between the manufacturing interests, largely centred in Catalonia, and the agricultural interests of the other provinces regarding this policy. Not long ago the Chamber of Commerce of Vigo issued a manifesto declaring that the high taxes on imports were causing acute distress in the province of Galicia.

While American contractors have scored over their British rivals in Abyssinia in connection with the dam at Tsana Lake, the English have come out on top in the Holy Land, where Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., through the 'Dead Sea Development Company,' has obtained a concession for the extraction of salts from the Dead Sea. That sacred body of water is said to contain a practically inexhaustible supply of potash — enough at least to liberate the Empire from its present dependence upon Germany and France for this material. It is a long jump from Palestine to Siam, where the Anglo-Siam Corporation, Ltd., has a wide variety of interests. One of the Company's principal enterprises is a sawmill and a logging railway. It was able to pay over 32 per cent, less tax, to its shareholders during the last business year.

Japan seems inclined to resort to inflation as a stimulus to trade, greatly to the distress of her more conservative financiers. Exports of cotton goods and cotton yarn to China have fallen off, largely on account of the development of the spinning industry in China itself. It is generally recognized that the old period of high profits, when some companies declared dividends of 80 per cent annually, will never return, although the country imported more raw cotton last year than ever before in its history, and twice as much as it did before the war. Japan has formed a little steel cartel of her own, composed of her three leading companies, which have reached an agreement, the details of which have not been made public, under which they will operate virtually as a single concern.

Latin America

Cuba's business depression and the restriction of her sugar crop to 4½ million tons have reduced the income of the United Railways of Havana by over 1½ million dollars, and dividends have declined from 8 per cent in 1924–25 to 4 per cent for 1926–27. The Panama Corporation, Ltd., the British enterprise whose prospective operations in the Isthmian Republic were a day's sensation for the American press, announces in its first annual report that it has conducted and will conduct its business 'in a friendly and harmonious manner with its powerful neighbor, the United States, who holds a paramount position there.' The Corporation's concessions, which cover approximately five thousand square miles, are being prospected with a view to proving the existence of paying gold deposits, with a prospect that platinum may also be discovered. At present veins are being worked experimentally which yield over 1⅓ ounces of gold per ton. Argentina has increased the area sown in wheat and flax for the coming season, and is still in the full current of revival from her recent business depression. While the nitrate industry of Chile has experienced its most difficult season since 1921–22, prices are now advancing, and some of the closed works are being reopened. The general commercial situation in the country is very quiet, but premonitions of improvement are in the air. In Peru business men have been heartened somewhat by the recent advance in cotton prices, while conditions in Colombia are reported to be normal.

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HIGH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

THE INSTABILITY OF MODERN FRANCE[1]

THE unwonted spectacle of a French administration remaining in office for over twelve months appears to have hypnotized foreign opinion to such an extent that, with a few exceptions, the press of the world is paying little attention to those portents which every Parisian knows to betoken a coming storm. Those who knew Italy and Spain just prior to the establishment of the present régimes in those countries recognize the symptoms, while veterans who are old enough to remember the last months of the Second Empire are not slow to stress the parallel between those times and the present. In effect, there is a general feeling that some change is pending, but what or when is a matter for speculation, and the shadow of the Commune is once more across the land.

The real cause of the existing instability is the fact that, although the parliamentary machine continues to rotate, its action is almost completely disregarded by the country as a whole, and, in that respect, as in others, France is back in the last days of Louis Philippe. M. Poincaré has saved the franc, and it is the realization of this fact by his fellow countrymen that has kept him in office, but he has proved himself powerless before the advance of revolution, and the middle classes are now more afraid of Communism than of the depreciation of the currency. The present administration is neither more nor less than a *cabinet de fonctionnaires*, and, apart from the Premier, it contains only one really able man — M. Tardieu, who, however, has never succeeded in gaining the confidence of the public, largely because, as a friend remarked to the writer the other day, no one knows whether he will be the last prime minister of this régime or the first of the next — or both. At the present time what may be described as parliamentary politics are under the shadow of the general election of next year, and there is a widespread belief that the Cartel in alliance with the Socialists will overthrow M. Poincaré before the Chamber is dissolved.

This failure of parliamentarism is undoubtedly bound up with the decay of Radicalism, which has moved the balance of power on the Left to the Socialists, and so has frightened moderate opinion further to the Right. The Third Republic was the creation of the Radicals, and it triumphed over its enemies so long as men like Gambetta, Waldeck-Rousseau, and Clemenceau controlled its destinies. Like Liberalism in England, Radicalism in France seems to have shot its bolt, and the Parliamentary Republic is consequently drifting upon the rocks. As in Spain and Italy, representative government in France seems to depend for success upon men capable of working it, and when they are no longer forthcoming it begins to collapse; as an institution it has not the same hold upon

[1] By a Paris correspondent, in the *Outlook* (London Independent weekly), *October* 22

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public opinion that it has in England.

During the past few months the existing instability has been increased by the progress of Communism, which is probably stronger in France to-day than in any other country with the exception of Russia. A recent writer in the *Écho de Paris* estimated that in the capital alone no less than two hundred Communist meetings are held every evening, while in the Sacco-Vanzetti riots there were Red ambulances in the streets to tend the Red wounded. A cavalry officer told the writer only the other day that his own regiment was honeycombed with sedition — a statement which is supported, not only by the remarkable revelations made by M. Coty in the columns of the *Figaro*, but also by the series of mutinies which have taken place during the summer. In nearly every village there is a Communist 'cell,' and the success of the Bolshevist propaganda in the rural districts has been proved in the recent by-election for the Chamber in the purely agricultural department of Nièvre. That a Communist administration could maintain itself in office for any length of time is beyond belief, but it is by no means impossible for the Bolsheviki to seize power by a sudden *coup d'état*, given the ease with which revolutions are made in France. It is this prospect, and the Government's weakness in face of it, that have shaken public confidence in M. Poincaré.

The only organized body capable of opposing the Communists is the *Action Française*. Its condemnation by the Church has been, if anything, of more service to it than its persecution by the State. Rightly or wrongly, the opinion is widely held in Paris that the papal action was the result of a threat by M. Poincaré to break off diplomatic relations with the Holy See unless the latter moved against his domestic opponents, and Cordinal Billot has taken the course, unprecedented for a century, of resigning his cardinalate as a protest. The futility of the Pope's act is shown by the increased circulation of the journal *L'Action Française*, while its published defense of its position, forbidden to the eyes of pious Catholics, has already passed through several editions, and is piled high upon every Paris bookstall. Indeed, so strong is popular feeling that a silversmith in the centre of the capital has, in the hope of thereby recommending his wares, actually attached to a statuette of Saint Louis in his window the notice: 'This Most Christian King refused to allow the Pope to interfere in the internal affairs of France.' It is true that the methods of the *Action Française* find little favor in many eyes, but its supporters declare that force can only be met by force, and they point to the success of Sinn Fein and of Fascismo for a justification of their standpoint — an argument which it is by no means easy to answer.

In these circumstances it would appear to be only a question of time before the two extreme parties will commence their struggle for the mastery of France, and it is the realization of this fact which lies behind the political moves of the past few weeks. M. Tardieu has made an appeal to the Radicals to rally round him, but without any response; with the aid of the Vatican the Catholic moderates under General de Castelnau are attempting to form a French equivalent of the German Centre Party, though so far they have not met with much success; while M. Millerand has once more entered the lists with a proposal to reform the Constitution by placing the legislature at the mercy of the executive — a course which, incidentally, brought the Second Republic to an early grave. The Left still appears blind to the

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coming storm, and continues to think in terms of majorities in the Chamber of Deputies.

To the foreign observer one thing alone seems clear, and it is that before there can be any stability in France the Communist menace must be faced. When that has been done a wide programme of devolution and of social reform will have to be put into operation to remove the very real grievances which do exist, and then the land will have peace. Whether all this can be effected without a change of régime is very much open to doubt, and the writer inclines to the belief that it cannot. Only the newest of new brooms will sweep sufficiently clean, and all independence is sternly discouraged by the politicians of the Parliamentary Republic.

GERMANY'S LOAN POLICY[2]

'For or against the loans?' That brief question has divided all Germany into two hostile camps. Dr. Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, has, as we know, the courage to maintain the thesis that borrowing is imprudent and perhaps fatal. Throughout the Reich various public interests — states, provinces, municipalities, big trusts, and even private concerns — have adopted the happy custom of applying to America not only when funds are needed to keep the wheels of industry turning, or when some necessary improvements must be made, but also to secure cash for any expenses — frequently useless ones.

The example of the Reich has inspired this course, although this year the Dawes Plan calls for 480 million more marks. Yet in spite of this fact Germany feels that the moment has now come to spend about two million extra marks on ambassadorial salaries, the repair of war damages, and an educational law that merely expresses the fancy of a single political faction.

Whenever he has had an opportunity, either in the presence of special commissions or in meetings of bankers and industrialists, and even before the Government itself, Dr. Schacht has shown that he possessed the rare clear-sightedness to oppose the continuance of this policy with all his strength. The truth is that it may lead to terrible disaster. Borrowing dollars means paying dollars; and since it is impossible to settle with the United States in merchandise, the Reich will soon find it necessary to invest its marks in foreign money. These obligations, as well as those imposed on Germany by the Dawes Plan, must be met, and the Allies are certainly not going to allow themselves to be defrauded. The whole thing may well end in a serious political and economic crisis. This is what Dr. Schacht sees and what he says, and it is also the view that Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Reparations agent, has expressed to the German Government.

It is hardly surprising that bankers who profit from their commissions on such loans should in general be hostile to Dr. Schacht, whom they accuse of forcing Germany into unemployment crises and into a condition of business paralysis. I have had the pleasure of talking, however, to the head of a big concern, Mr. Kurt Sobernheim, Director of the Kommerz und Privatbank, who has the honor of supporting Dr. Schacht in the fight that he is waging against a coalition of so many interests.

'On the one hand,' Mr. Sobernheim told me, 'there are those who demand money and credit for different states and communities. Each of these has to justify his case vigorously, and often he seems to have excellent motives for

[2] By Jules Sauerwein, in *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), *October* 23

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being granted a loan. Most members of the Stock Exchange agree that each individual should be his own judge in this matter, and that foreign capital should be disposed of generously.

'Dr. Schacht, President of the Reichsbank, supports the opposite thesis. While the people who favor such a policy reap profit from every transaction, and demand that foreign capital be allowed to circulate with complete liberty, Dr. Schacht and the men of a more critical spirit who support him foresee heavy obligations, and are not dazzled by immediate benefits. They envisage these loans weighing down the whole country. It is obvious that a nation like Germany, which has lost a large part of its capital during the war, the post-war period, the occupation, and the inflation, cannot revive economically on its own resources alone. That is why we favored the entrance of foreign capital to maintain our exchange at the rate of 4.20 marks to the dollar.

'Owing to the success of the earlier loans, America made this influx of foreign capital increasingly easy, and thanks to that country the production of our industry has responded in a very encouraging fashion. Now, however, we have arrived at the saturation point, and new loans carelessly contracted would justify our contemplating the future with grave fears. The public leaders of certain communities have been led by the abundance of foreign capital to undertake enterprises of no great urgency that did not yield any increased production. Such activities provided a certain amount of employment, but the game was not worth the candle, for it gave the illusion that Germany was in a much more favorable state than she really was.

'The results of this kind of political economy are all the more to be feared since they have held off for so long a time. To lead us back into our normal routine and to preserve our appearance of prosperity, instead of continuing our present policy without attempting to criticize it — that has been the aim of the committee headed by Dr. Schacht, who, as President of the Reichsbank, takes the widest view of our country's economic situation and is exercising all his influence to bring us back to healthy conditions. His purpose has been to forbid, or at least to put in a separate category, any loan that does not seem indispensable and unquestionably productive. This attitude has naturally aroused many criticisms and has laid Dr. Schacht open to numerous attacks, but if one judges impartially one will recognize that he has brought home to all of us the great danger of an unrestricted policy of loans, and has shown us that in assuming such obligations a nation burdens itself with charges that destroy its independence and may cause it serious loss in the future.

'According to his doctrine, it is the duty of every one of us to manage his affairs with the greatest parsimony and to avail himself of all the resources at his immediate disposal. With so many foreigners trying to invest their capital here, we shall be able to make successful loans if we borrow only when ineluctable necessity forces us to do so.'

AMERICA AND HER PROBLEM[3]

AMERICA was rediscovered at the end of the war, when Europe turned her attention to the typically democratic organization of the United States, to her social structure, to the sources of her astonishing wealth, to her unexcelled technical proficiency, and to her apparent ability to bring about agreement between capital and labor — a

[3] By Dr. G. Briefs, in *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October* 11

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problem with which Europe herself had hitherto wrestled fruitlessly. Chance alone does not explain why America fills a place in the literature of to-day similar to that held by Holland in seventeenth-century England and by China in eighteenth-century France. The colonized daughter country has come of age, — perhaps prematurely, because of the folly and chaos of the mother continent, — and the tidal wave of America's energy and power which once rolled from Europe has turned, and makes itself felt along the coast of our war-torn and enfeebled continent. America has grown, and Europe's dream of a new country has become a reality. America begins to set us an example.

Nevertheless, we can study and criticize America, and especially certain problematical aspects of her life to-day. For example, since the war America has been undergoing a crisis of assimilation. The optimistic melting-pot theory has been overthrown, for the hoped-for alloy was never created. Great cities are overrun with unassimilated foreign elements, while the Anglo-Saxon Puritans move westward in a mighty stream. In the west, as in the southern states where they have always dwelt, the Anglo-Saxons constitute an ethnical and moral burden, an economic and social weight, similar to the aristocratic upper strata in the eastern cities. The contrast between the older Nordic elements and the newcomers — Slavs and Latins of all religious denominations — has been brought to the surface. Racial, cultural, and religious differences create manifold problems which no outward similarity can resolve.

Professor Bonn has made repeated visits to America and has studied the country at first hand. He has come into close contact with its intellectual and social life, and he now pronounces judgment upon the American problem in two excellent and highly impressive volumes. His earlier book, *Amerika und sein Problem*, deals with America's spiritual evolution, with the inner change of Puritanism, and with the essentially non-British element. Dr. Bonn says that both amalgamation and separation have occurred. In general the different peoples and races live together happily under the same laws and restrictions, and 'Americanization in the best meaning of the word' does exist.

This mixture of races, however, can produce no unified American culture, and it is significant that America has wandered far from the original Puritan model. 'America's diversity begins at the moment when she permits her technique and efforts to differ from those of Europe.' Provincial, racial, and religious factors underlie this diversity; and even in the economic life of the nation we see provincialism playing a part. The country of bourgeois equality is becoming a land of social strata. 'Up to the present America has merely toyed with a problem that has long been significant in the life of Europe. America must measure herself by a gigantic yardstick, for her problem assumes European proportions and involves European difficulties.' But this is only one aspect of the question, for at the very moment when America becomes politically and ethnically separate from Europe she discovers that she is bound to the mother continent by an indissoluble link, not only as a creditor nation, but by the effects of long and short cycles of export trade.

These conditions bring about the critical questions with which *Geld und Geist* deals. The titles of the chapters indicate the manner in which Dr. Bonn has attempted to include the moral aspects of the problem: Political Movements, Prosperity, Puritanism,

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Twilight of the Gods. The book concludes with a word on Europe as a 'Land of Yearning' to the tune of a new American romanticism — an explanation which I am inclined to believe is hardly symbolized by Dr. Bonn's personal experience.

In the political life of America Bonn discovers lassitude and chaos. 'Torpor dominates American politics to-day. It is necessary to stabilize and make permanent her prosperity, to deepen her intellect, and to eliminate the American's radical instincts.' Economic prosperity lies at the root of political lassitude; the American political ideal 'anxiously draws itself back to the single individual' at the very moment when capitalist and moral connections with the Old World are so strong.

The same prosperity that causes all this political lassitude contains no social implications; and with the unprecedented growth of the 'democratization of wants' a critical survey of the rise and the differences in standards of living cannot yet be undertaken. America's hurry and bustle are caused by her economic crises, which, in turn, bring about a psychological belief, based on apprehension, that prosperity will never end. This impulse is strengthened from other roots and branches of the American capitalist system. The proletariat, the large American laboring class, cannot possess either subjective knowledge or its corresponding reactions so long as the real compensation for its labor permits a satisfactory mode of living. Prosperity creates, in the language of Faust, 'a free people of a free country.' Bonn extends this psychology as follows: Prosperity gives rise to the desire to 'stick together for the time being,' and the restless character of this diverse people, coupled with the activity of a colonizing race, reduces everybody to a common level at which they tirelessly endeavor to stabilize the standard of living, the satisfactions of life, and the manner of thought. 'We begin to have time' — but time is money, or power, and money means leisure.

Life acquires a new value composed in part by the spiritual elements of the wealthy, unable to cast aside their Puritanical ways, in part by joyful meditation and the affirmation of life, and in part by the broad cosmopolitanism of the Slavic and Roman immigrants and of the negro. Thus the ascetic Puritanical world is blasted, hell fire is quenched, and this secular optimism is reflected in religion. The conventional Puritan rule of life seeks new justification, finding it in social and utilitarian problems. Murky beliefs in predestination are lost in seductive visions of a rich and sinless world.

Christian Science is an outgrowth of the new America. Puritanical individualism, founded on the inner obligation of the single soul, is diverted toward practical morals; and although it is necessary to have a foundation in rational economics and prosperity, this foundation stands or falls with the satisfaction of material wants. In this respect another contradiction enters into Puritanical rationalism. The breakdown of Puritanism continues apace, and Bonn characterizes as an astonishing occurrence in the spiritual history of mankind this change of belief in what constitutes right.

The danger of the Phæacian bogs lurks behind all this prosperity, this new leisure, this restriction of immigration, and the birth-control problem. Bonn believes that a new ideal will grow from this mass of wreckage: 'A society freed of fear and suffering shall be preserved in the political tumult of democracy, while dependence upon the

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economic aspects of overrich production will remove the fear that the soul will be condemned by a good God.' Here we find humanism and eudæmonism adopting old-fashioned enlightenment and acquiring a new lease on life. It is obvious what Bonn means, for he writes that from all this 'the triumph of liberalism' will emerge.

Here Bonn speaks of the 'Europeanization' of this new America which has assimilated her foreign elements, which has overthrown social differences, which has stabilized her manner of living, and which has produced in her various elements various critical complexities. Will the pallid humanism and the eudæmonistic ethics of life and intellectual ideals be able to grapple with these problems and bring about a spiritual and sensible unity in the nation? Will a classical American culture arise? Will not prosperity lull the spiritual power and activity of this nation into somnolescence, much as Puritanism has been worn down?

These and other burning questions claim our attention, and everything depends on how modern America answers them. We can see in America the fulfillment of the dream of disillusioned Europe, or we can adopt the opinion of an Englishman, well versed in the American dialect, who said, 'America is riding for a fall.' In Bonn we find high hopes and skepticism going hand in hand, but the reality on which his skepticism is based makes a stronger impression than his optimistic conclusion. In a word, Bonn goes to the roots of the American problem, and those roots are spiritual.

TEN YEARS OF BOLSHEVISM[4]

THE Soviet Government is celebrating the tenth anniversary of Bolshevist rule. In the two chief cities of Russia it brandishes its mallet to attract the astounded eyes of all the world toward the delegation of workers who have gathered together to celebrate the 'heroic past' of the Bolshevist dictatorship. The noise of the jubilee spreads over all Europe.

But a note of dissonance can be detected. That inexplicable dispute in the Russian Communist Party has blazed forth again as if to emphasize the joylessness of the festivities. As things stand now, it is hard to tell whether the pounding mallets signify festivity or whether the noise is really caused by the guillotines that Trotskii and his friends deserve.

It is no mere chance that has led the almighty Stalin to make use of the Soviet jubilee as a means of pursuing his fight against the Opposition. It is no mere coincidence that the speeches of celebration are filled with hate for the Opposition and take advantage of the opportunity to dispose of enemies within the gates. It looks as if the *Flag of Communism* is right in its statement that Stalin's 'programme' is merely an endeavor to liquidate certain aspects of the Communist Revolution. According to this strategic plan, Stalin is following three courses. The first takes the form of demonstrations celebrating the people's 'recognition' of the present Party and national leaders. His second purpose is to make use of the Party rally in December to get rid of the last vestiges of petty bourgeois opposition. And his third and last attack is to execute a Bonapartist *coup d'état* and save the nation from the danger of the counter-revolutionary forces including Trotskii, the bourgeois element that belongs to no party, and the White Guard Monarchists.

The Party dispute is nearing its decisive phase, and both sides are seizing upon ammunition of every kind. The

[4] By Peter Garwy, in *Vorwärts* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist daily), *October 25*

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Opposition has protested in vain against bringing the State police, the terrifying G. P. U., into the Party dispute. An overwhelming protest has been raised in vain against the exclusion of Trotskii from the Central Committee and against Stalin's treasonable seizure of the machinery of government. But Stalin is merely following the methods of Zinoviev, Trotskii, and Kamenev. Trotskii originated the theory that the Party and the nation should develop together in order to guarantee the victorious dictatorship of the proletariat. *Tu l'a voulu, Georges Dandin!* You have wished it, Leo Trotskii!

The 'democratic' preparations for the Party festivities in December are well under way. Election platforms have been replaced by lists of proscriptions compiled by Stalin and backed up by the torture chambers of the G. P. U., who will punish free elections of delegates with arrests, expulsions, and raids, 'in order to rescue the country from the Opposition.' That 'political corpse' will then be thrown overboard weighted down with an iron ball.

The Opposition Party, deprived of any legal status, is putting up a despairing, subterranean battle, but under the Bolshevist reign of terror illegal methods are much less easy to practise than in the time of the Tsar. The recent exposure of *agents provocateurs* in the G. P. U., who provoked and inspired Monarchist attempts, indicates that the spying service is much further developed than in the days of the backward Tsarist police.

Possibilities for illegal action continue to diminish. It is significant that the Russian Opposition Party has to use a foreign organ, the *Flag of Communism*, as the megaphone for its beliefs. This looks like the first step of an illegal Opposition to betray the country to foreign interests. The Russian Opposition, however, pays almost no attention to the significant fact that the organ of the Left Wing Communists is considered in Russia to be directed by traitors and by representatives of bourgeois democracy, while in the 'first country under proletarian dictatorship' the mere publication of Opposition documents is branded and prosecuted as a serious crime. The Opposition is still supported by the majority, because it opposes the present dictatorship and the lawless administration of the country. But instead of stirring up a popular movement, it has chosen to execute party manœuvres and to foment 'palace revolutions.'

The proletariat keeps silent. The crowds of workers who gathered at the station in Petrograd greeted Trotskii and Zinoviev, the 'real heroes' of the glorious October Revolution, with dead silence, broken only by whistles and catcalls from Stalin's claque.

The Bolshevist press would do well to remember that the silence of the people brands the leaders as traitors. One is reminded of similar episodes in the French Revolution. 'My people, you are betrayed!' cried Danton on the way to the guillotine, and the people kept silent. On ninth Thermidor the supporters of Robespierre demanded that the inhabitants of the suburbs of Paris rise in revolt, but again the people kept silent — the Reign of Terror had killed their will to fight.

The proletariat keeps silent, and the struggle among the leaders to acquire Lenin's heritage of unlimited power will fall to dust and ashes unless the people participate. In ten years of terrorist dictatorship as administered by the Soviet Constitution of the 'almighty' proletariat, the people have sunk to playing the rôles of supers on the political stage. The people keep silence, and if they shout a furtive 'Hurrah!' it is not because they are

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living in a workers' paradise, but because only thus can they express a faint remnant of their lost freedom. No festive jubilee can prevail against silence in the hearts of the workers.

Sooner or later the spell will be broken. Already the endless Party dispute is breaking the silence. The working class is waking to activity, to battle. But if deliverance should come before the masses have spoken their word, then again the result will go against the people, against the workers, and against democracy.

THE CASE OF BISHOP BARNES[5]

[In Life, Letters, and the Arts we have already mentioned the controversy aroused by Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, who announced that Darwin's evolutionary theory could not be reconciled with Christian theology. Ernest Raymond, who gives what he calls 'a lay theologian's view,' is the author of *Wanderlight*, a book devoted to the problem of modernism and the Church, and *Tell England*.]

When a bishop, in the course of an unhappy controversy, publishes throughout the popular press an 'open letter' to his primate, he is manifestly submitting his case to the laity, and appealing for their support. And if in this letter he claims that the Articles of the Church and its rubrics are on his side, it is manifestly desirable that the jury should be cautioned that the Articles and the rubrics, like all legal pronouncements, can only be honestly and safely interpreted after a considerable study of their history and of the whole corpus of theology that lies behind them.

Now, the laymen who have had this training in theology and canon law must be few and far between; and it may therefore be allowed to one who chances to be in that position to submit his few observations on the Bishop's 'open letter.' The writer of this article is one whose whole heart and mind swings toward those who feel deeply, as does Bishop Barnes, the failure of the Church to keep abreast of the immense intellectual — yes, and spiritual — advances that the modern mind is achieving; he is one who believes — perhaps even more than the Bishop — that the Church of his inalienable affection is shackled by timidity and inertia, and that her great spirit is well-nigh choked beneath the litter of dead controversies; he counts himself among those who doubted the mannerliness of Canon Bullock-Webster's methods of denunciation, and the wisdom of the mediæval language in which he couched it, since this raised the ancient 'No Popery' overtones and obscured the main issue.

And, to disperse these overtones at once, let it be added that he is one who, while reverencing and loving the uprush of spiritual forces which the Anglo-Catholics have undoubtedly released in the Church, yet marks with dismay their palpable joy in rebellion and their palpable glee in the introduction of provocative worship. This being his outlook, he will not lightly be accused of undue prejudice against Bishop Barnes.

But what Bishop Barnes does not seem to realize is that the modern, intellectual, and spiritually hungry world, which he is so anxious to help, *is as distrustful of science in religion as it is of superstition.* It sees that it cannot be saved by science, though science send its measuring rod to the outermost and innermost secrets of the material universe. It knows that never and nowhere along *that* rod will it touch God. It sees that the Church has to be

[5] By Ernest Raymond, in the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *October* 23

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saved, not only from the superstitious mind, which Bishop Barnes so deplores, but also from the scientific mind, which apparently he so admires. To put the matter in a sentence, it is a world that is modernist in intellect and mystical in spirit. And when Bishop Barnes, in his astonishing Birmingham address, said — if reported aright — that any change in the consecrated elements of the Holy Communion 'could be disproved by science,' all of us modernist-mystics knew at once that we could not look to him as a leader.

The sentence was a revelation of that perfect scientific mind which we so distrust. *Of course*, all the scientific experiments in the world will never track down the spiritual reality — if any — in the consecrated bread. No more will scientific experimenting on the physical elements that compose the brain of Dr. Barnes track down the fine, earnest, seeking spirit of the Bishop of Birmingham. But, the Bishop may say, you can apprehend the spiritual force of a man by your own spiritual reaction to him, but we have no sense by which we can apprehend an essential change in the sacred elements after the moment of consecration. Indeed, he says exactly this in his open letter. 'We have no right,' he says, 'to assume the existence of spiritual properties in an inanimate object unless they can be spiritually discerned, yet there is no man living who possesses the spiritual discernment by which to discriminate between consecrated and unconsecrated bread.'

Once again we have a revelation of the completely scientific mind with its ignorance of, or inability to believe in, whole masses of phenomena that lie outside the bounds of the scientific world. It is obviously the utterance of a Western mind; and most of us are quite convinced that in the Western mind, because it is a product of so material and intellectual a civilization, certain spiritual faculties of man have almost entirely atrophied. Only the extremest sanctity appears able to resuscitate them; but this it quite often does. Is Bishop Barnes aware, for instance, that much which he would call 'magic' is not magic at all, but simply the exercise of faculties that we Westerners have lost? That Indians of deep spirituality can move objects at a distance from them by spiritual force alone, and can apprehend all sorts of hidden things by the same force, is a commonplace. And I personally know of two men, men of that supreme sanctity which is nothing less than a revelation of the Eternal, who *were* able to apprehend some change — what the change was I do not pretend to say — in the sacred elements after consecration. One was not the least bit orthodox, and the other was an Anglo-Catholic. The strange gift of the latter was tested and proved again and again by 'scientific experiment.' This man was never wrong in his 'sensing' whether or not the reserved Sacrament was present in a church. I cannot explain it; I am beaten by it; and I only mention it to show, in the old phrase, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Bishop Barnes's philosophy.

This extraordinary story is probably beyond the acceptance of most workaday Western minds. Let it be so. It is not the truth of Canon Bullock-Webster's creed that I am out to maintain, or the truth of Bishop Barnes's, but to suggest, if I may be so bold, that there is something very like disingenuousness — or if not disingenuousness, then unwisdom — in the Bishop's bid for public support on the ground that his position has the warranty of the Articles and the rubrics. Because the minute he ceases to make his appeal to the common man's feeling that there is a need

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for all our dogmas to be rethought out and that consequently there is an honorable place for modernists in the Church, and bases his case instead on Articles and rubrics, any theologian knows that the verdict must go against him. The theologian instantly recalls that the Articles were expressly designed to keep within the Church those who believe, not perhaps all that Canon Bullock-Webster believes, but what in this instance he is contending for, the Real and Essential Presence of Our Lord in the consecrated elements, and to exclude, not those who, with Bishop Barnes, doubt the Real Presence, but certainly those who, with him (and I number myself among them), doubt the Fall. If the Bishop appeals to one Article, he must stand by them all; and then Articles IX and X beyond question show him 'heretical' in this matter of Adam and the Fall.

And again, any theologian knows that the so-called Black Rubric, to which he has appealed, is quite the most dangerous weapon for a man to handle who is attacking the Real Presence. Because though its words, to those who are ignorant of its history, appear at the first reading to deny this doctrine, they are really its surest defense. Briefly the story is this: the rubric *did* in the Prayer Book of 1552 deny the 'real and essential Presence'; but in 1559 the Reformers, refusing to go so far, deliberately struck out the whole rubric; and when in 1662 it was reinserted, the revisers again refused to deny the 'real and essential' Presence, and deliberately substituted the present words, 'corporal Presence,' which could hurt nobody, since not even Rome believed in a corporal Presence.

Thus, if laymen are to judge between the Bishop and the Canon by a reference to the real meaning of the Articles and the Black Rubric, they can only admit that the Canon's case is the sounder of the two.

MR. SHAW AND MR. MUSSOLINI [1]

BY G. BERNARD SHAW AND OTHERS

[THE Secretariat of the Labor and Socialist International issued an exchange of letters between Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and Dr. Friedrich Adler, Secretary of the Association, on the subject of the Fascist dictatorship. This correspondence had its origin in a letter from Mr. Shaw to the *Daily News* of January 24, which provoked numerous criticisms from Italians in exile. We are printing here Mr. Shaw's two letters, one reply from Dr. Adler, and a final rebuttal by Signor Salvemini.]

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *October* 13, 17, 19

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LETTER FROM G. BERNARD SHAW TO A FRIEND

[*February 7, 1927*]

MY DEAR ——,

I am very sorry my comment on the *Daily News* articles on Mussolini which the subeditor headed 'A Defense'

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distressed you as it did. You were not the only one who jumped to the conclusion that I must have been unaware of the Matteotti affair and of the other revolting incidents of the Fascist Terror. This is quite a mistake. I knew about them. Even if the Liberal press in Britain had been reticent on the subject, which it certainly was not, I have been in touch with the Italian refugee whose letter you have sent, and already knew all that letter told me, besides a great deal more that I can infer from my experience and historical knowledge just as certainly as if I had witnessed it.

But you cannot dispose of Mussolini by simply repeating in a tone of virtuous indignation the admitted and even vaunted fact that he owes his power to a *coup d'état*. Since Augustus founded the Roman Empire with himself as Emperor by the *coup d'état*, which began with the assassination of Cæsar, until Lenin became Dictator of Russia by a violent overthrow of Kerenskii-ist Liberal Democracy involving the very unpleasant operations of the Cheka, there have been dozens of great usurpations effected by *coups d'état*, and every one of the *coups* has been a filthy business, in which honest and loyal men have been shouted down in court by perjured witnesses and time-serving magistrates, and have been beaten, tortured, and murdered out of it by gangs of infernal blackguards. All liberties of speech or the press have been suspended until the object of the *coup* had been attained by a thorough reign of terror. The only novelty in the Italian case was the castor oil, and most men would rather be dosed with castor oil than be tarred and feathered.

Now it is clear that our attitude toward a new régime cannot be determined by the means employed to establish it. It is no use fighting Augustus or provoking him to fight you merely because Antony points eloquently to the gashes of Cæsar's body. You cannot ignore Napoleon because he kicked out the excessively constitutional Abbé Sieyès. You cannot demand the reconquest of the Irish Free State because it has passed a Coercion Act that would have horrified Lord Salisbury, sweeping away the democratic councils established by the London Parliament and replacing them by autocratic triumvirates such as Dublin Castle at its worst would never have dared to set up. It is silly to refuse to trade with Russia because the Soviet connived at regicide and made an end of the nice dinners given by the dear Benckendorffs. It would be absurd to pretend that the Kaiser is still the rightful ruler of Germany because the substitution of a republic was accompanied by the murder of Rathenau, as well as Liebknecht, junior, and Rosa Luxemburg.

It is equally irrelevant and silly to refuse to acknowledge the dictatorship of *Il Duce* because it was not achieved without all the usual villainies. The only question for us is whether he is doing his job well enough to induce the Italian nation to accept him *faute de mieux*. They do accept him, some of them *faute de mieux*, several of them with enthusiasm.

His enemies — if you like, his victims — cannot pretend that they had not as good a chance as he. They actually make it a reproach to him that he offered to lead them on any programme that would bring order out of chaos, but they were incapable of taking any chance. They could neither lead nor follow. They plead that they had post-war neurasthenia, and that if Mussolini had only waited until they got well everything would have settled down into its old rut, with themselves enjoying their delightful position of

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eloquent revolutionary leaders guaranteed against revolution. If that did not seem good enough for Mussolini, and he finally had to come down on the side of a militarist Fascism, which was at all events ready to do something, have they, of all people, the right to blame him?

It is true that it was only as a sort of unbeheaded and successful Strafford that he did obtain his command of the Fascisti, but as an unsuccessful Lenin he could have done nothing except lose his life.

Some of the things Mussolini has done and some that he is threatening to do go further in the direction of Socialism than the English Labor Party could yet venture if it were in power. They will bring him presently into serious conflict with capitalism, and it is certainly not my business, nor that of any Socialist, to weaken him in view of such a conflict. As to cocking snooks at him, as the British aristocracy did at George Washington long after they had been forced to accept him as President of the independent United States of America, what good will that do? As long as he can say '*J'y suis, et j'y reste*,' and the Italian people say, 'So you shall. Viva *Il Duce!*' we must accept the situation, and we may as well do it with a good grace. I repeat, we had our chance of challenging him over Corfu, and when we funked that we practically admitted that we must put up with him.

As he has not succeeded in keeping his enemies at home, I think he would do well to be more liberal of passports to his friends, because the Italian refugees who have escaped to Paris and London have it all their own way there when they represent Italy as groaning under an unbearable tyranny. All the tyranny I saw was of the kind which our capitalist press denounces as characteristic of Socialism, and I do not boil with indignation at it as the Liberals do.

But that is not my point, which was and is that the campaign of abuse against the Mussolini dictatorship is just as stupid as the campaign against the Soviet dictatorship in Russia. I am sorry my fellow Socialists in Italy were totally unable to take command after the war, and I loathe the savageries which attended the establishment of Fascism. But I shall not waste any energies and compromise my reputation for good sense by refusing to accept an accomplished fact. If I did I should lose the right to criticize Mussolini's rule, which I am quite ready to do whenever I think I can do any good by it.

I hope I have made my position clear to you.

Ever faithfully,
(*Signed*) G. Bernard Shaw

FRIEDRICH ADLER TO G. B. SHAW

In the course of this letter, dated March 4, Dr. Adler wrote:—

Mr. Gillies, secretary of the International Department of the British Labor Party, has forwarded to me a copy of a letter which you sent to a friend on February 7 concerning Fascism in Italy, and he tells me that you 'would not be sorry to see it given the same publicity as the telegram of Signor Turati.'

I find your request a quite Utopian one. There is no possibility at all of 'giving the same publicity.' Your letter to the *Daily News* was printed with prominent headlines in the whole press in Italy, while not a single word of reply to you could appear, since the whole of the Italian press is under Fascist control. I find it really unfair to provide an occasion for repeating the existing inequality as regards Italian publicity.

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But I feel obliged to occupy your time a little longer by an answer to your further letter, which I have read with real indignation.

Your standpoint of not 'refusing to accept an accomplished fact' is very adequate to a Buddha sitting with a fixed stare, but it is a really astonishing one for a militant Socialist, who can never agree that we should 'accept the situation' when the Italian people say, 'So you shall! Viva *Il Duce!*'

May I recall to you the outbreak of the war? The jubilation of the masses was undoubtedly present, and according to your notion one ought then to have yielded to the accomplished fact. Many people took up this convenient point of view. But I believe that to-day we have to admit that those men were in the right who withstood this 'fact' with all their powers.

In the notice which I wrote in the *International Information* — I am sending you the number — about your letter in the *Daily News* I attempted to depict your errors as due to the defects of your qualities. But in your second letter it is hard to find any good side, because there is really nothing good in it. You come dangerously near to the point of view of the British ruling class, for whom their own freedom and its assertion are matters of course, but who consider it quite possible to expect from the 'natives' an acceptance of Fascist oppression *faute de mieux.*

You may qualify as 'stupid' the fight against dictatorship, but we inhabitants of countries that have had to wage this fight in reality will indeed never 'ignore' the fact of a dictatorship, but we shall always feel sympathy for the fight against it in all countries, and give our help in the fight. We shall never allow ourselves to be led astray by the idea of 'accepting an accomplished fact.'

'All the tyranny I saw was of the kind which our capitalist press denounces as characteristic of Socialism.' We need not further analyze this most peculiar 'logical' conclusion, for we are certain that, in spite of all witty paradoxes, you will not seriously lend your support to the calumnies of Socialism in the capitalist press, nor to the outrages of Fascism.

There remains the third possibility, that on your travels you saw no more than any ordinary tourist. And in this case also serious discussion is needless.

(*Signed*) F. ADLER

G. B. SHAW TO FRIEDRICH ADLER

REGINA PALACE HOTEL,
STRESA, LAGO MAGGIORE (ITALY),
October 2, 1927

DEAR SIR,—

On the 24th March last you were kind enough to write me a letter which I was unable to answer at the time. Now that I find myself in Italy again with an hour to spare I must not leave it longer unanswered.

My article in the *Daily News* was, I am informed, published in the Italian press after it had been threatened with complete suppression by the Mayor of Milan, and then drastically expurgated. Whether this is true I do not know, as I did not see the Italian newspapers in which it appeared. However, it does not greatly matter. The article was, in the main, a remonstrance with the *Daily News* for writing contemptuously of Mussolini, as if the whole situation in Italy could be disposed of by representing the country as writhing in the grip of a brutal egotist.

It was a demand for common sense and common civility in dealing with a foreign statesman who had achieved a dictatorship in a great modern state without a single advantage, social, official, or academic, to assist him, after marching to Rome with a force of

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Black Shirts which a single disciplined regiment backed by a competent government could have routed at any moment. To tell us that this extraordinary success was achieved by murdering one hostile deputy and administering castor oil to his supporters is childish. The obvious retort to it is, 'If dictatorships can be established in Italy so easily, why did not the Communists establish the dictatorship of the proletariat by the same simple means?' They have as much castor oil at their disposal as the Fascisti, and they have not hesitated to shoot and throw bombs.

In your letter you speak of the *restoration* of democracy in Russia and Italy, but do you seriously attach any value to the *status quo ante* in Russia and Italy? I take it that after the war Italy was left in a condition not unlike that in which Napoleon found France under the Directory when he returned from his Egyptian campaign. The Directory, nominally revolutionary and popular, really doctrinaire, incompetent, and corrupt, could not govern. Napoleon turned the Directory out, put the most capable men he could find at the head of the departments, codified the law and brought it up to date, stabilized the currency, disciplined the public services, forced the press to support him, and incidentally kidnapped the Bourbonist Duc d'Enghien on foreign territory and shot him.

The benefit to the ordinary French citizens was so great that they would have allowed Napoleon to shoot fifty Bourbon dukes, and suppress a hundred anti-Napoleonic newspapers. The Sieyès Liberal doctrinaires and the foreign governments who hated the Revolution and dreaded Napoleon's military genius immediately set up a prolonged howling against the tyrant, the suppressor of popular liberties, the murderer of d'Enghien, insisting that France was groaning under a ruthless despotism when she was in fact enjoying some of the realities of settled liberty after a long stretch of harassing uncertainty.

Are the Italian Liberals going to persist in the same mistake? After the war the Government of Italy was so feeble that silly syndicalists were seizing factories, and fanatical devotees of that curious attempt at a new Catholic Church called the Third International were preaching a *coup d'état* and crusade in all directions, and imagining that this sort of thing was Socialism and Communism. Mussolini without any of Napoleon's prestige has done for Italy what Napoleon did for France, except that for the Duc d'Enghien you must read Matteotti.

Are we to give him credit for his work and admit its necessity and the hopeless failure of our *soi-disant* Socialists, syndicalists, Communists, anarchists, and so forth, to achieve it or even to understand it, or are we to go on shrieking that the murderer of liberty and Matteotti is trampling Italy underfoot?

You say that 'we' can never accept the situation, never submit spiritually. But what exactly is it that 'we' cannot accept and will not submit to? Is it the fact that the despotic lira is worth threepence in English money while the democratic franc is worth only twopence? Is it that Italy is governed by a man of the people, while France, libertarian, egalitarian, and fraternian, is governed by Monsieur Poincaré? Is it that Mussolini, with all his dramatic gestures, has not yet threatened to dam the Nile and cut off the water supply of Egypt, nor broken open Rakovskii's safe, like the English Government which so liberally tolerates our friend Salvemini? Is it because the *Corriere della Sera* seems to be much more accessible to news that is un-

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palatable to the bourgeoisie than most of the London papers?

Of course, if you compare Italy with a Mazzinian Utopia, it is full of abuse and tyrannies. So is America, so is France, so is England, so is Russia. In liberated Ireland, my native country, liberty has been established by throwing the shibboleths of Liberalism to the winds, superseding routine democratic bodies by autocratic commissions, and passing Coercion Acts such as England never dared to impose. There is a lady in Ireland who declares that she will never accept these facts, never submit to them spiritually. But the facts remain, and the Irish people will not return that lady to the Irish Parliament.

Do you seriously ask me to talk about Mussolini's régime as that impossible countrywoman of mine talks about the Irish Free State? Do you believe, or expect me to believe, that if the black shirts were replaced by red ones, or by cylinder hats and frock coats, Italy would become an earthly paradise?

Because I face the facts in the full knowledge that the democratic idealism of the nineteenth century is as dead as a doornail, you say that I come dangerously near the point of view of the British ruling class. But are you not delighted to find at last a Socialist who speaks and thinks as responsible rulers do and not as resentful slaves do? Of what use are Socialists who can neither rule nor understand what ruling means?

Do you expect me to lecture Mussolini as Kautskii lectured Lenin, as Marx lectured Thiers, as Victor Hugo lectured Napoleon III and Pius IX, as all the Socialists who have never had to administer a farthing of public expenditure or employ a single workman (to say nothing of signing a death warrant) lecture the cabinets of Europe, especially the Socialist ones?

You can hardly believe that the brutalities and retaliations, the assassinations and counterassassinations, which accompany the eternal struggle of government with anarchy do not disgust me as much as they disgust you. If they were peculiar to Fascism our continual harping on them would have some excuse. As it is, the murder of Matteotti is no more an argument against Fascism than the murder of Saint Thomas à Becket is an argument against feudalism.

In Ireland the new Free State found itself obliged to hang many of its old ultrapatriotic comrades for this sort of thing, and the minister who ordered the executions was assassinated by their sympathizers. Mussolini may have to hang some of the cruder Fascisti for *trop de zèle* after order is completely restored.

In the meanwhile nothing is to be gained by pretending that any indictment can be brought against him by us or anyone else that he cannot meet by a crushing *tu quoque*. The blots on his rule are neither specifically Fascist nor specifically Italian. They are blots on human nature.

Faithfully,
(*Signed*) G. Bernard Shaw

GAETANO SALVEMINI TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MANCHESTER GUARDIAN'

Sir, —

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, after having, with pitiless satire, tilted at the social, political, and religious institutions, the intellectual and moral standards, of our time, has at last discovered embodied in Fascism his ideal of civil life. In Mussolini he has found the man before whom his rebel spirit surrenders arms. Kate has at long last met her Petruchio.

Mr. Shaw refuses to waste time discussing the methods by which Fascism seized and is retaining power. Late in

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life he has learned wisdom. As a sensible man he bows to the 'accomplished fact.' There have always been in the world 'brutalities and retaliations, assassinations and counterassassinations.' Why worry about these unavoidable incidents of daily life? He is even quite tickled by the fact that the Fascisti have added castor oil to the traditional methods of political strife. *Causa victrix diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.* Mr. Shaw is one of the gods. Cato, instead of committing suicide, ought to have taken a good dose of castor oil. Safety first!

What Mr. Shaw is concerned with is the results of Fascism, not its methods. 'Mussolini is doing his job well enough.' This is sufficient. Mrs. Warren's daughter was a fool to have so many qualms about the source of the money which provided her with all the comforts of life. People practising Mrs. Warren's profession have always existed and always will exist in this world. What Vivie ought to have asked her mother was if she were 'doing her job well enough,' and whether the company shares were worth threepence in English money, like the despotic lira, or only twopence, like the democratic franc. If an English government were capable of increasing the value of the pound by fifty per cent, as he believes Mussolini to have done, Mr. Shaw plainly would consent to the Government's abolishing freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of association, freedom of assembly, religious freedom, the right to work, the right to strike, the right to travel, the right to live, and so on.

What does Mr. Shaw know about 'Mussolini's job'? He writes, for instance, 'Mussolini has achieved a dictatorship without a single advantage, social, official, or academic, to assist him.' Mussolini was assisted in the civil war (1921–1922) by the money of the banks, the big industrialists, and landowners. His Black Shirts were equipped with rifles, bombs, machine guns, and motor lorries by the military authorities, and assured of impunity by the police and the magistracy; while their adversaries were disarmed and severely punished if they attempted resistance. These advantages were, it is true, neither 'social, official, nor academic,' but they are the things that count in civil war; and after the 'march on Rome' they also became official. All this is unknown to Mr. Shaw, who believes that 'Mussolini's enemies had as good a chance as he.'

Mr. Shaw knows that 'the despotic lira is worth threepence in English money, while the democratic franc is worth only twopence.' He does not know that before Mussolini came to 'bring order out of chaos' — that is, between January and September 1922 — the Italian lira was worth precisely threepence, and that the pre-Fascist governments had for two years no longer been asking for foreign loans. In July 1926, after three and a half years of Fascist rule, 'the despotic lira' had fallen to little more than $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, and to restore it to its 1922 value the Fascist Government borrowed 300,000,000 dollars from American bankers.

Mr. Shaw writes: 'The murder of Matteotti is no more an argument against Fascism than the murder of Saint Thomas à Becket is an argument against feudalism.' The knights of Henry II assassinated Saint Thomas à Becket in the belief that they were doing the King's will, the King having said, 'Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?' They were tried and sentenced, and the King himself did public penance. On the other hand, Matteotti was murdered by order of the general treasurer of the Fascist Party. This latter told six persons that the order emanated from Mussolini. He

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was amnestied by Mussolini before the public trial; and he is once again a prominent official of the Fascist Party. Had Mr. Shaw known these last facts he would not have placed the two crimes on the same level. The dark ages of feudalism produced no Mr. Shaw to eulogize King Henry.

Mr. Shaw writes: 'To tell us that this success was achieved by murdering *one* hostile deputy and administering castor oil to his supporters is childish.' The Fascisti killed not one but three deputies (Di Vagno, Matteotti, and Amendola); bludgeoned, maltreated, wounded, arrested, deported, or forced to flee the country about fifty deputies; murdered no less than a thousand followers of those deputies; looted, sacked, and wrecked by thousands newspaper printing presses and offices, coöperative stores, clubs, private houses, and so forth. Mr. Shaw's Fascist friends never breathed a word to him about all this.

Mr. Shaw writes: 'The Italian nation do accept Mussolini; some of them *faute de mieux*, several of them with enthusiasm.' He knows nothing of that section of the Italian nation which does not accept the *Duce* either *faute de mieux* or with enthusiasm. Mussolini himself, in his speech of May 26, 1927, admitted that there exists in Italy a 'generation of unconquerables.' Two years of civil war (1921–1922) and five years of terrorism (1923–1927) have not sufficed to tame that fantastic generation. A 'special tribunal for the defense of the Fascist State,' formed by officers of the Fascist Militia, has, from the spring to the autumn of the present year, passed sentences amounting to 753 years of imprisonment, and still goes on grinding forth centuries of sentences. No less than a thousand political suspects have been interned on barren islands or in remote villages without trial. Hundreds of people are being arrested daily and kept in prison without trial, as long as the police think fit. And yet this generation remains unconquerable. It is so numerous that Mussolini cannot do away with it by the methods which were so successful with Matteotti. He must await death from natural causes to clear it away. 'This generation,' he said in his speech of May 26, 1927, 'will be eliminated at a certain moment by the laws of nature. Meanwhile the young men we are recruiting will come to the fore.' Of this cumbersome generation Mr. Shaw has not found a single representative when taking his holidays at the Regina Palace Hotel, Stresa.

I will not further multiply instances. I do not reproach Mr. Shaw with his ignorance of Italian affairs. I only intend to point out his levity in delivering judgment about matters of which he is wholly ignorant, and his callous ridicule of hardships and sufferings which his intelligence ought to understand even if his moral sensitiveness is unequal to appreciating them. Before concluding, I ask to be allowed to draw the attention of the English public to one fact which perhaps Mr. Shaw will find amusing. The text of Mr. Shaw's letter, as published by the Italian press, does not correspond to the text published by the English press.

(1) The English text runs: 'Mussolini achieved a dictatorship . . . after marching to Rome with a force of Black Shirts *which a single disciplined regiment backed by a competent government could have routed at any moment!*' The words in italics have been suppressed in the Italian translation. The Italians have to believe that the 'march on Rome' was performed by an invincible army of 300,000 Black Shirts, not by a mob of a few thousand people, which could easily have been disbanded if the military authorities had not betrayed their oath of allegiance to the King and the Constitution

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and connived with the leaders of the movement. Thus the only words in Mr. Shaw's letter which are not nonsense were suppressed in the Italian text because they do not tally with the Fascist official legend.

(2) The English text runs: 'To tell us that Mussolini's extraordinary success was achieved by *murdering one hostile deputy and* administering castor oil to his supporters is childish. . . . Are we to go on shrieking that the murderer of liberty *and Matteotti* is trampling Italy underfoot?' The words in italics have been suppressed by the Italian translation, and for 'his supporters' the words 'his adversaries' have been substituted. Matteotti has vanished from the Italian translation of Mr. Bernard Shaw's letter, just as he himself disappeared from Rome on the evening of June 20, 1924.

(3) The English text runs: 'As it is, the murder of Matteotti is no more an argument against Fascism than the murder of Saint Thomas à Becket is an argument against feudalism.' The Italian translation runs: 'As it is, *nobody can exploit the slogan* of the murder of Matteotti *as having been desired in high places, in a moment in which Fascism was victorious all along the line. This slogan is against all logic. And, even if it could be exploited, it is* no more an argument against Fascism.' And so on.

MUSSOLINI

Good lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

G. B. SHAW

The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

MUSSOLINI

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

G. B. SHAW

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

MUSSOLINI

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list.

G. B. SHAW

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall so be for me.

Of course this letter of mine will not be published in the Italian press, like Mr. Shaw's letter. I do not envy him this favor.

(*Signed*) GAETANO SALVEMINI

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CREATING A NATION[1]

BY MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

[THIS is the merest fragment of the Turkish President's recent six-day speech before the new Parliament in Angora.]

ON May 19, 1919, I landed in Samsun. At that time the situation in Turkey was as follows: The group of Central Powers to which the Ottoman régime was allied had been defeated in the World War. The Ottoman army had completely disintegrated. A harsh armistice had been decided upon, and years of war had left the nation poverty-stricken and exhausted. Our country's leaders had been forced to flee for their lives. Sultan Vahideddin, in whose degenerate person the Throne and the Caliphate were united, had agreed to humiliating peace terms merely to be able to save his own skin and preserve his throne. Damaad Ferid Pasha's cabinet was powerless, worthless, and discredited. It bowed to the will of the Sultan, and tolerated any situation that maintained the security of the sovereign. The Allied Powers did not consider it necessary to respect the terms of the Armistice. Foreign officers and officials, as well as their agents, extended their powers unduly.

Faced with this determination on the part of the foreign Powers to destroy and annihilate the Ottoman Empire, our country found itself in a state of dark uncertainty. We lived in a condition of perpetual apprehension. Those of us who endeavored to understand how frightful a catastrophe had befallen us did all we could to take measures that would rescue us from our plight. The army existed in name only. Its higher officers had been crushed by their experiences and hardships during the war, and their hearts bled for the pitiful state of their fatherland. From the obscure background they taxed their minds to the utmost seeking some remedy for the nation. But neither the country nor the army suspected the treason of the Padishah Caliph. Centuries of religious tradition had established the Throne firmly, and everyone remained true to it by second nature. People were incapable at that time of harboring the idea that the country could be run without a caliph, without a padishah. Woe unto him who would dare to utter such blasphemy! He would at once become a man without a country, a man without beliefs, and he would be looked upon and reviled as a traitor.

The second dogma then current was that we could not recover without the assistance of one of the victorious Great Powers. Yet to everyone, both to the man in the street and to our so-called leaders, the idea of exciting their sympathy in any way seemed pure madness. I came to Eastern Anatolia as the inspector of the Third Army, and first of all I examined the Third Corps at Sivas and the Fifteenth Corps at Erzerum. I was at once struck by the pathetic condition of my countrymen, and my thoughts took an entirely new direction. It was obvious to me that

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *October* 16

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the Ottoman kingdom, embodying the Sultanate and the Caliphate as we had known them, had become preposterous. Only one course was open to us — the shaping of an entirely new Turkish State founded on national independence. I had already decided to attempt to realize this programme before I had left Constantinople, and as soon as I landed in Samsun my work began. It was a tremendous task. People had to be persuaded to rebel against the Ottoman régime, against the Ottoman Sultan, against the Caliph, and against everything Mohammedan. The whole Turkish nation and the whole Turkish army had to be won over to the idea of revolution. An entirely new social structure would have to be erected — one that would take into account the great capacities for future development that were latent in the country's soul and that I myself understood and cherished in my thoughts like a kind of national secret. It was a bold scheme, but the battle had to be waged.

It was clear that I should soon find myself in conflict with the Constantinople Government, but I believed that the interests of the Nationalist movement were just, and that political representatives were needed as well as military leaders. On the night of the twenty-first of June, 1919, at Amasia, I therefore ordered a Congress to be assembled in the eastern province of Erzerum on the tenth of July, and added that the Nationalist Congress at Sivas should send three representatives to it as well. This appeal emphasized the immense potentialities of the nation and the incapacity of the Constantinople Government to develop them, while at the same time one of the newspapers remarked: 'Constantinople can no longer govern Anatolia. In the future Anatolia must rule.'

The British Commissioner in Constantinople had in the meantime recognized the importance of my activity and had succeeded in persuading the Constantinople Government to call for my return. On the twenty-third of June, Ali Kemal Bey, Minister of the Interior, announced, in a circular distributed in Anatolia, that he condemned the activities of Kemal Pasha and forbade him to continue his work. My civil and military supporters, however, remained true to the Nationalist cause. After a month of futile attempts to block my activities and to bring me back to Constantinople, the Sultan broke off relations with me, and on the night of the eighth of July he notified me of my dismissal. I was free, and responsible only to myself and to my theories.

On the twenty-third of July the Congress at Erzerum opened. It lasted fourteen days, and outlined a policy demanding that the country should refuse to submit to foreign occupation, and that it should make this determination clear. If the so-called Constantinople Government should refuse to do this, then the temporary Nationalist group should take control of things. A National Assembly should be summoned, and the Constantinople Government should be taken under its control. The proceedings of the Congress at Erzerum were broadcast through the entire country, and the resolutions were thus brought to the attention of the foreign Powers. At the same time I wrote to the Grand Vizier in Constantinople, pointing out that he could not control the activities of the National Assembly, but that he would have to form the policy of the nation in accordance with the will of the people. The nation would be bound to go its own way under any circumstances, and it demanded that a Parliament be summoned at the earliest possible moment in order to express its desires.

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On the fourth of September, 1919, the Congress of Sivas opened. It was attended by delegates from all parts of the country, many of whom had traveled under the greatest difficulties. In the opening address the Congress expressed its devotion to the Sultan, but it was determined that the decisions of the eastern vilayet of Erzerum should hold good for the entire country. We then went on to take a stand, in opposition to the Allies, against any form of occupation or intervention, and especially against a Greek or Armenian separatist movement. At this point, however, a difficult question arose — namely, the matter of demanding an American protectorate. A long time ago this matter had been raised in Constantinople, and almost all the speakers at Erzerum favored such a protectorate as the only hope of saving Turkey from dismemberment. The debates continued endlessly, but it was finally decided to avoid the danger such a course might well involve, and the matter was decisively closed.

It was imperative to bring the Sivas Convention to a quick conclusion, for the Constantinople Government and its supporters at home and abroad were beginning to oppose us with renewed energy. The Ministry at Constantinople was not content to continue the measures it had taken against the Nationalist movement until now; it endeavored to suppress our Assembly by force. As soon as this danger became apparent I took control, and all members of the military forces of the Nationalist Government who had been guilty of treason were expelled, and sought shelter with the Allied Powers. In the name of the Congress of Sivas I sent another telegraphic communication to the Sultan, asking him to dismiss his present cabinet because of treason and to give ear to the wishes of the nation. When the Grand Vizier, Damaad Ferid, prevented this dispatch from passing through the Stamboul telegraph office, the Nationalist Government issued its ultimatum of the twelfth of September, 1919, breaking off relations with Constantinople. Instructions were given that all telegraphic or other information from Constantinople should be refused and returned. This made an open break.

The Nationalist party had now to fulfill its promise quickly and hold an election that would summon a National Assembly. The Constantinople Cabinet had long ago promised to summon such an Assembly, but it had intentionally delayed all preparations, and no such gathering had ever been called. The danger now was that an unsatisfactory peace would be concluded, and the Nationalist Government therefore ordered that steps should be taken toward holding the election at once. At the same time, on the night of the fourteenth of September, I drew up the programme that the coming Congress would have to consider. The most important point at this period was that the nation should report its wishes to the Sultan and that the Government Committee of the Congress of Sivas should become the constitutional government of the Turkish nation.

On the twenty-fifth of September the Constantinople Government, alarmed at the growing Nationalist agitation, attempted to negotiate with the Sivas Government. For eight hours, from eleven o'clock on the night of the twenty-seventh of September until seven o'clock the next morning, I stood at the telegraph office communicating with Constantinople. On this point I was adamant: the nation would not give way. The traitorous cabinet of Damaad Ferid Pasha must resign. The Sultan must listen to the nation. That must be accepted as the preliminary to any common understanding.

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Three days later Damaad Ferid Pasha received his dismissal, and on the second of October, 1919, the Sultan summoned Ali Risa Pasha, a general and senator, to the post of Grand Vizier. The new official and his cabinet differed considerably from Damaad Ferid Pasha's cabinet. Open hostility gave place to a conciliatory tone — or at any rate the new cabinet presented this appearance. The Nationalist Government at Sivas got in touch with Ali Risa Pasha's cabinet, and I made the following demands: —

First, if the new cabinet is willing to defend the cause of the whole nation, the Sivas Government will support it. Second, the new cabinet must not decide any matter of national importance until the proposed National Assembly has been gathered together and has assumed control of the Government in complete freedom. Third, the delegates to the Peace Conference must represent the desires of the nation and be worthy of its trust.

The Constantinople Government begged for a clear statement of these principles. In the meanwhile all the public works, and especially the telegraphic communications with Constantinople, were under the protection of the Nationalist Government. Negotiations continued for days. The new cabinet showed itself inclined to accept the demands of the Nationalist movement, but this attitude was not so much the result of a real desire for understanding as it was a form of tactics designed to curb the Nationalist movement while it was still weak. But the Sivas Government showed itself as tactically skillful as Constantinople, and refused to give way an inch. The Sultan's Government and the nation faced each other as bitterly as two hostile Powers preparing for future strife.

JAN BRATIANO

SAVIOR OR TYRANT?

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRATIANO[1]

I AM in M. Bratiano's charming and comfortable country house, which contains many historic souvenirs, among them one of the piles of a bridge that Trajan built across the Danube. Every Rumanian is proud of his Latin origins. My host said to me at Bucharest: 'Come and see me at Florica. It is the seat of my meditations. I will confess to you there.'

I quickly accepted his flattering invitation, certain that in the silence of the meadows he could not fail to confide to me some of his most intimate thoughts.

On arriving I was at once charmed by the conversation of his wife — a splendid lady with a clear laugh, skilled in witty, sharp repartee. I swear by the delicious luncheon she served me that she is not in the least above being an accomplished housekeeper, attentive to the most minute practical details, and proud and eager to see that her

[1] From *Le Figaro* (Paris Radical Party daily), *October* 11

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table contains only the most perfect products of her farm.

M. Bratiano led me through a maze of wooden corridors into his study. Out of the open bay window I could see the red-tiled church, half concealed by the interlaced branches of trees, where the body of his father, Jan Bratiano, the founder of Rumania, lies. I allowed myself to enjoy this view, and then rejoined the illustrious statesman, who had already sat down and offered me a seat in a deep armchair beside his desk.

M. Bratiano's bronzed, tormented face is lined with sadness. From beneath his heavy brows two magnificent almond eyes, almost jet black, illuminate his countenance. A beard that has not yet quite decided to turn white makes his long face look even longer, and silver hair brushed back in a pompadour adds still more to his artistic appearance.

M. Bratiano has inherited the taste for power from his glorious ancestors. He loves it and all the duties it imposes. What disgust he has for 'governments that believe they are progressive simply because they are feeble, because they leave everything to chance.' He occupies an advance post in the defense of the West, and one can rest assured that defend it he will, and without weakening. The Bolsheviki have no more resolute or intelligent adversary. With superb impassibility he holds them in check on the banks of the Dniester, but, as pressure becomes increasingly violent, he would like us to support him more energetically from the rear. He reads the *Figaro* and asks whether our eminently sensible nation — with which he is familiar, since he went through our *École Centrale* — will let itself be abused by the gross deceptions of the common enemy. How will our elections come out? M. Bratiano asked this question obstinately, and I was unfortunately unable to quiet the torment that it arouses in him. The elections will be what M. Poincaré wants them to be, and M. Poincaré's wishes are uncertain.

Above all, the Rumanian President of the Council wants to establish the fact that he is not a reactionary. M. Bratiano, in a country that is fifty per cent illiterate, is almost forced to 'make his elections' with a certain amount of rudeness. But he smiles when his adversaries call him a dictator.

'I a dictator! Think of it!' he said. 'Twice I let Rakovskii escape, even though some of my Socialist friends advised me to shoot him. Thanks to my forbearance, you had the most intrepid of all Soviet ambassadors in Paris.'

Slowly, nonchalantly, M. Bratiano weaves his chaplet of words; and his musical voice enchants us. He goes in for no outbursts, no great gestures. His voice is pitched in an even tone. This great Latin is a supreme master of line, measure, and harmony. Rumanian history boasts a terrifying figure — Tvad, the impaler, who made all the soldiers of a certain Turkish army sit down on tree stumps that had been sharpened to a point for this particular purpose. He nailed their fezzes to the heads of any ambassadors of the Sultan who claimed tribute from him in their master's name, especially if they refused to uncover in his presence. M. Bratiano is not so ferocious. He does not need to impale his adversaries on the pines of the forest; the elegant points of his discourse are enough. And what a pleasure it is to hear him! But let us return to Rakovskii.

'Rakovskii was born in the Dobrogea, and served as a major in our army,' said M. Bratiano. 'He execrated everything Rumanian, and to-day he remains our most implacable foe. He

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is doing and has done us a great deal of harm, because he knows our country well. After the war he thought that the armed revolt that he fomented had our Government on the run, but it collapsed, and he escaped through Bessarabia. We have found his signature on documents of accredited agents of the Third International, and he is one of the men who subsidized, or caused to be subsidized, the authors of brochures on Rumanian atrocities that are being distributed all over the world. The money for his propaganda is not only provided by the nation he represents in your country, but also by certain Jewish societies. The Jews now enjoy full civic rights here, but this was not the case before 1914. For economic and national reasons that one can readily understand, we could not suddenly treat all the immigrants from Galicia and Russia like Rumanian citizens. This fact aroused a certain amount of resentment that I hope will disappear. Rakovskii will find fewer and fewer accomplices among the rich Jews in New York and elsewhere; and the intrigues that he is trying to weave around Prince Carol are also doomed to failure.'

The name of Prince Carol had at last crossed M. Bratiano's lips. We bent our ear. Our illustrious interlocutor did not even make us have to ask what he thought of the fugitive.

'People tell you, do they not, that I was the enemy of Prince Carol — that he was my victim? What foolishness! When Prince Carol abandoned his post, in the middle of the war, I pleaded his cause before the King. Such lapses of youth are not unpardonable. It was then decided that the Prince should depart for Japan. I attended a dinner given in his honor when he returned — but, alas, it had no effect. In our navy and our air service he left nothing but pleasant memories. He renounced the throne a second time, and King Ferdinand kept the letter in his bureau drawer. Then came another flight, and I was called to the Palace. This time his father had quite resolved not to pardon him. It was only after insisting that the King think it over for twenty-four hours that I openly agreed with him. To achieve national unity, to make use of its natural wealth, Rumania needs a strong government. I hope that Prince Carol will understand this, and that he will close his ears to the evil counsels of people who are inciting him to start a revolution in his native land. To many people royalty is an anachronism, chiefly because kings and princes do not build their foundations with their own hands. One has, however, only to consider what has happened in Greece and Portugal to foresee what a republic would do to our Rumanian nation, which has already suffered too much to be able to stand much more.'

We French, who look upon Rumania as one of our outposts in the East, can only give the highest approval to the wise words of M. Bratiano. Prince Carol deserves none of our confidence. A Rumanian senator, who was formerly a Marxian, and who admires Lenin and is disposed to copy Mussolini's methods of government, confided to me that the Prince had asked to be allowed to enter the Socialist Party. Surely such a fantastic creature has little to recommend him to our favor. We should also not forget that he wanted to Germanize Rumanian aviation.

M. Bratiano is unquestionably the leading Rumanian statesman, and even most of his adversaries admit it. Since he has luckily proved himself a friend of France both during and after the war, it would be a good idea if our Government were to facilitate his heavy task.

'Rumanian diplomacy does not seem

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active enough to us,' we ventured to say. 'The Soviet Government refused to return to you the works of art and the three hundred millions in gold from your national bank that you deposited in Russia just before the war. Why didn't you raise an energetic protest when the Allied countries renewed relations with Moscow? And why didn't you try to prevent M. Briand from following the policy that separated the cause of France from your country's cause at Locarno?'

M. Bratiano is not the man to wriggle out of difficulties, and he smiled at our audacity, saying: 'I am being repaid for having defied certain diplomatic warnings. At Versailles after the war I struggled like the Devil himself, and almost got embroiled with my great Allies. I did not even have a chance to know what was in the treaties before I signed them. When I complained about this to my friend Marshal Foch, he consoled me by saying: "I have no more chance than you." The past teaches the present, and now I am more prudent. At Geneva, however, I did my best to disillusionize the Soviet sympathizers, and I never sit down in my armchair without looking to see that there is not a bomb underneath it. But no one listened to me.

'Locarno is something else again. Rumania, like France, aspires to peace, and she is therefore ready to support anything that will bring together the enemies of yesterday. A friend of mine who occupies a high position in your country wrote to me after the pacts you are criticizing had been signed, "Be our Antigone, since we have become blind." He expressed your thought, and I believe that he was as wrongly excited as you are. I am sure that M. Briand's thought is no different from mine. The governments that are trying to destroy the treaties under the pretext of improving them ought not to ignore the fact that they will find themselves opposed by everyone who sincerely wishes to reëstablish and develop friendly relations among all countries. We are like that, and so are the French, and that is why the alliance we have concluded with them is so strong.'

I inserted a parenthesis at this point. 'It seems to me, Mr. President, that certain Rumanian politicians are more afraid of Russia than of Germany, now that they are closely allied.'

His reply went to the point. 'For my part, I do not ignore the fact that Germany would not be afraid to resort to Soviet aid in case of need. Some months ago I said to a great German politician, "You would not have sent such an important man as Herr Brockdorff-Rantzau to Moscow if the treaty that you signed with the Soviet Government did not contain certain secret military clauses."'

Before the war Rumania was a veritable German colony, and now more than ever she cherishes her liberty, for which she has paid so dear. But she needs money to get any value out of her immense resources, and the Anglo-Saxons are trying to get the Germans involved in enterprises in Rumania that they will finance for them. M. Vintila Bratiano, brother of the President of the Council and Minister of Finance, is blocking the road. The measures that he has taken to safeguard the independence of his country are, however, vigorously disapproved by the Opposition, who claim that they will handicap all foreigners. 'M. Vintila Bratiano,' people frequently said to me during our sojourn in Rumania, 'is a fine and honest man and a splendid worker, but his views are too narrow. His economic nationalism amounts to xenophobia.'

We naturally expressed these views to M. Jan Bratiano, who replied: 'Rumania is a tremendous workshop.

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Any forces that aid hers in her labors will be welcomed. Security and profit are promised to all who wish to collaborate with us. In the case of equal offers, I shall always give preference to the French in ordinary affairs; and for whatever concerns national defense I am also ready to favor them. My friend Marshal Foch said to me, "Always remain the master of your military administration." I shall follow his advice.'

These are words to remember. Certainly all Rumanian politicians, to whatever party they belong, have made a point of assuring me that the French alliance is sacred. But in expressing his friendship for my country M. Bratiano rose to incomparable heights. For Rumania's good, as well as for the good of France, I hope that the great politician who received me so cordially at Florica will remain for a long time in the position that he fills with such dignity to-day.

A STUDY IN DICTATORSHIP[2]

THE world is passing through an era of dictatorship. Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, Pilsudski, are the most conspicuous examples. Yugoslavia, up to a few months ago, was ruled by the iron hand of Pašič. Greece has had more than one taste of autocracy. Portugal is denied the full freedom of parliamentary institutions. But, curiously enough, the most efficient dictator in Europe goes almost unrecognized. The public opinion of the world has no criticism to offer of M. Bratiano, the master of Rumania for the last fourteen years. He is not, indeed, like *Il Duce*, an innovator, a creator of new forms; he does not seek to dazzle the eyes of mankind; and he has apparently no particular ambitions for Rumania — only an insatiable appetite for personal power, and for what it may bring to him and his. It may be that his capacity for keeping out of the limelight is a large element of his success.

His reign is now in its heyday. It only needs a little gold to make the governmental machinery work more smoothly — and that may shortly be given to MM. Titulesco and Vintila Bratiano, who will come to London to put the finishing touch to negotiations for a Rumanian loan. Not only prospective investors, but students of political science, should find it worth their while to examine the peculiar system of government in Rumania. But this article cannot go over the whole of that field; it must confine itself to a sketch of the dictator and his ways.

Everyone knows, of course, that there is no real political life in the Western sense of the word in Rumania. Under King Carol, who died early in 1914, there were two groups of politicians: one called itself Conservative and leaned toward Russia; the other called itself Liberal and leaned toward Germany. They filled the offices, and every four or five years King Carol changed his ministers; so-called elections were held, but in fact nearly every deputy was appointed by the Government. The peasants, ignorant and tractable, constituting ninety per cent of the population, always voted for the Government. They still do — for the Government knows how elections should be managed!

This seesaw went on till Jan Bratiano, having tasted power, and regarding himself, no doubt justly, as cleverer than his fellow politicians, decided that the system ought to be changed. Jan Bratiano is the son of a former prime minister of Rumania who, starting life as a revolutionary, put water in his wine and became King Carol's most

[2] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *October* 8

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subservient and pro-German prime minister. He founded in Rumania the party of the small landowners, a copy of the German National Liberal Party. The son inherited from his father the leadership of this party. But he presently got tired of sharing power with his opponents. He realized that he could very quickly get a permanent hold of the government of Rumania, and he worked to this end. He first of all made a great show of his patriotism, declaring that he was the one man who loved his country, who trusted it and believed in it. In short, he made a corner in patriotism. In opposition to the Conservatives, who favored the introduction of foreign capital, he insisted that Rumanian capital alone, Rumanian initiative alone, ought to be used for developing Rumanian riches. The country might suffer from the slow progress of the development, but that did not matter: Rumania, like Rome, was not to be built in a day. But it was important that Rumanian interests — that is, Liberal interests — should not suffer from the introduction of cheap foreign capital.

The financial and economic activities of the Liberals have certainly been considerable. The Rumanian National Bank, Creditul Rural, the first Rumanian Mortgage Bank, were Rumanian institutions run by Rumanians. The first Rumanian paper mill, 'Letea,' was a Liberal enterprise. The aggrandizement of Rumania enabled the two great Liberal banks — the Banca Romaneasca and Banca Marmorosch, which were in fact only subsidiaries of the National Bank — to buy up cheap many of the former Hungarian industrial enterprises and run them as Rumanian concerns. Besides this the Liberal Party founded two mining companies, the Credit Minier and the 'I. R. D. P.,' which were in theory ordinary limited liability companies, but for all practical purposes were under official Liberal control. They were granted some of the best oil land in the country and started as a monopoly. Thus the Liberal Party — which is now Liberal only in name — has its grip on the windpipe of Rumania.

This economic power, however, was not enough, and Bratiano proceeded to dig himself in politically. For this he made use of his brother-in-law, Prince Barbu Stirbey, whom the American press calls 'the favorite of the Queen,' or even 'Rasputin,' but who anyhow was favored at Court and was the trusted adviser of the King and Queen. He dinned into the ears of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie that Bratiano was the cleverest man in Rumania, the safest, the only one with whom the dynasty was not running any risks. And they believed him, and put themselves unreservedly into the master's hands.

But, it may be objected, there have surely been times when Bratiano has not been in power. Has there not been a Vaida Government, an Averescu Government? Apparently, for the uninitiated, — and, indeed, for the press throughout the world, — Vaida and Averescu represent some kind of Opposition to Bratiano. But what is an Opposition in a country where the supposedly impartial umpire belongs heart and soul to a party? King Ferdinand was devoted to Bratiano and always did his will. He was the soldier of the Liberal Party.

Ferdinand made Averescu Prime Minister on Bratiano's advice. He knew that Bratiano held him in leash, and twice Averescu was dismissed like a bad servant simply because Bratiano wished it. The Vaida experiment was tried because Bratiano was confident that it could not succeed. Vaida had been in power but two months and was on a visit to London when he resigned

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— or, to be more accurate, was dismissed by the King at Bratiano's order, while Mr. Lloyd George was explaining to M. Vaida how glad he was that M. Bratiano was out of power!

But suddenly Bratiano's position appeared to be threatened. The danger was great, because the omniscient Bratiano knew that the King was ill, and he knew also that he himself only inspired contempt and hatred in the king-to-be. Prince Carol was an open critic of Bratiano, and such an outrage could neither be forgiven nor tolerated. It was imperative that the future king of Rumania should accept the dogma, 'The Liberal Party is great, and Bratiano is its prophet.' Something had to be done, and as Carol would not bend he had to be broken. It was a battle between a neurotic, irascible, violent Crown Prince and a shrewd Oriental politician. The odds were in favor of the politician. There are several different versions of the fight. But one fact stands out as certain. In a country where the most respectable and orthodox citizens find it difficult to get a passport or money to travel abroad, Mme. Lupesco, a lady on very intimate terms with Prince Carol, but a Jewess, — which ordinarily would have meant that it was almost impossible for her to leave the country, — was readily supplied with a passport and funds to go abroad to meet her lover. She went, and she insisted on his giving up the throne. And so in a hotel in Milan, under the pressure of an emissary of Bratiano, the Crown Prince signed away his right of succession. The trick was won. Bratiano's only serious enemy was put out of court, and Liberal rule in Rumania was assured for years to come with the reign of a five-year-old child under three regents chosen by Bratiano.

With all effective opposition crushed at home, however, there still remains the danger of the outside world finding out what is happening in Rumania. Bratiano is sensitive to foreign opinion, and, as the son of a revolutionary, he knows well that a dictatorship does not sound well abroad, and that it entails some risks. So, whenever Rumania is criticized even in the mildest way, Bolshevist Russia, or perfidious Hungary, or the International Jew, or the Standard Oil Trust, is accused of blackening her. A careful watch is kept over the press, foreign as well as domestic. Any paper which is hard up in a neighboring country knows that the beginning of a campaign against Bratiano will at once bring money into its coffers as the price of silence.

To the innocent observer, of course, Bratiano presents himself as a democratic and even Socialist statesman. 'We have carried out a land reform unparalleled in Europe,' he says. 'We have given the vote to millions of peasants. We have nationalized the subsoil of Rumania.' Without wanting to rob the Rumanian dictator of the credit which is his due, one might fairly ask whether the subsoil which has been expropriated will not be granted to the Liberal mining companies. Bratiano is undoubtedly a past master in the art of window dressing. No one can deny his finesse and his talents. He has a perfect knowledge of his country. He is a very well-read man, and he speaks French and German. He is amazingly well adapted to the Near East. When he is in difficulties, his motto, so they say, is, 'Let us wait till to-morrow.' That policy of postponement cost Rumania four hundred thousand men when she entered the Great War — Bratiano had avoided making any preparations which might have suggested that he intended to abandon neutrality.

He is conceited and obstinate. He has nothing of Take Ionesco's large

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outlook. At the Peace Conference in 1919, in the dispute between Serbia and Rumania over the Bánát, he stood for 'everything or nothing.' But it was argued that technically Rumania was not entitled to the benefit of arrangements made before the war, since she had concluded a separate peace with Germany; and there is no doubt that she could have got a much larger part of the Bánát if Bratiano had not insisted on her having the whole. But his countrymen seem to have forgiven him this mistake, and he now stands supreme. His position looks unassailable; there is indeed no one to contend for it. In this country some hopes were placed in the democratic professions of Dr. Lupu and the brilliant gifts of M. Titulesco. Both of these men, who have many friends in England, were regarded as adversaries of the Bratiano régime. But the temptations of power have been too great for them; Bratiano was ready to pay the price for their principles, and the one is now Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the other Minister of Health. They were not willing to remain in the wilderness with M. Maniu, the chief of the Peasant Party. He, indeed, is staunch, and fights persistently for a constitutional government. But for how long will he be able to stand the strain of that uphill fight? Bratiano has every resource at his command; he even has his successors ready — his brothers and his son. The Bratiano dynasty, indeed, seems better established in Rumania than the Hohenzollern. In the reference books Rumania is described as a kingdom; in fact it is an estate run by Bratiano for the Bratianos.

MANDATES IN CENTRAL AFRICA[1]

BY H. C. C. SWAYNE

THE political suggestion which I have ventured to put forward in this article chiefly concerns the central area of Africa, — 'Black Africa,' let us say, — which is mostly unfit for white colonization. The ordinary man does not need to be told by experienced explorers that the ancient isolation of Africa is now being rapidly broken down by the latest inventions in transport, and Cobham's recent magnificent flight over Africa has served to remind us of this. While formerly merely a patchwork of half-explored spheres of influence founded on European rivalries, it is to-day a vast area every part of which is known and is sensitive to world-wide influences. I shall show that the economic changes taking place within this central area, which approaches South America in size, must be met by political readjustments; and I believe that to secure uniformity it may be necessary for all the Powers concerned to accept the principle of some world mandate for the administration of their tropical possessions. Present suggestions must

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necessarily omit reference to the complicated racial problems of the African countries bordering on the Mediterranean, as also of the Sahara and the South African Union.

The extent of this central area, which is the greater half of Africa, must be defined by the frontiers of the states involved rather than by latitude lines; but roughly the fifteenth degree of latitude on either side of the equator is some guide as to its size. It may be stated to be a belt across Africa whose depth is about two thousand miles and whose average breadth between the Atlantic to the West and the Indian Ocean to the East is about the same. It is mainly a well-watered plateau, rising to Alpine heights in Ethiopia (Abyssinia) and East Africa, cut by a few deep river-valleys and by rifts which helped to form the great lakes. Its shore consists of a narrow coastal fringe of sandy desert or malarious mangrove swamps. It is probably the most populous half of Africa, and racially the most homogeneous.

The important point is that just now, besides railway extensions, it is receiving a network of motor routes, air routes, and wireless; and these services will require chains of repair shops, stores with spare parts, garages, even small factories, and also aerodromes and hangars. Hutted camps, growing into villages, will arise, where a few white men will control squads of artisans of all nations, and masses of black labor. The present Asiatic or African forces, even under white officers, will be insufficient to keep order without a stiffening of white troops. These must mostly be recruited from Europe, for no white man in his senses would try to raise and educate his family in such places, so there would be no foundation for white militia; hence any political measure likely to increase the factor of safety, while keeping expensive white troops at a minimum, is worthy of consideration. Thirty years' Indian experience has shown me that the small force of white soldiers permanently allotted to our great Dependency could not keep order, as it does, without the backing of one of the best governments that have yet been devised, sympathetic to the people, with an impartial legal code. If the half-dozen of European nations which have seized territories in Africa hope to control them under the coming conditions by the haphazard methods of the past, founded on European jealousies, they will fail.

The present awakening of the central area can be illustrated by what was going on as recently as three years ago in the Angola Colony, Portuguese West Africa. The Atlantic harbor of Lobito Bay, with its jetty, alongside which ocean steamers can go at all tides, was the starting point of the Benguella Railway, whose railhead has now passed the great bend of the Cuanza River about three hundred and fifty miles inland, and twice that distance more will eventually bring the line to the copper mines of Katanga within the southern border of the Congo Free State. Katanga, in the very centre of Africa, connects with the railway systems of South Africa, the railways of Tanganyika, the Congo, and also with the Uganda Railway. Simultaneously a network of motor roads is being constructed, on which, when traveling by ox wagon in Angola in 1923, I saw great gangs of black navvies working at high pressure. It is a sample of the road systems which are being made all over Africa. When those systems are finished, they will tap for the Benguella Railway the back blocks of three of the states named. It must be remembered that two men on a five-ton lorry have a carrying efficiency, in food tons, five

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hundred times that of two native porters. Lorries will penetrate everywhere where porters were formerly the only transport. This railway will, in bringing trade to the Atlantic, shorten by some thousands of miles of land and sea transport the length of the present routes by South and East Africa, also saving much in Suez Canal dues. In the healthy hills of the Angola interior I saw extensive cattle ranches, and was allowed to visit an aerodrome which was sending a regular air post to the capital, Loando, at the coast, three hundred miles away.

There is still much to be done legally in 'Black Africa' in protecting the African from outside influences such as the labor troubles of South Africa, gun-running and recruiting in the North, color disagreements, political agitation from Asia and from across the Atlantic, and reactionary attempts by some Powers to exploit the African. We thought we had done forever with the disabilities of Africans as compared with other races the world over when the Imperial British East Africa Company, of whose inaugural exploring expedition I happened to be a member in 1888–89, took over the Arab village of Mombasa and the old Portuguese fort, by treaty, from the Sultan of Zanzibar; and the British Government stopped slavery finally at its source. This chartered company thus laid the first brick of the great edifice which is now Kenya Colony, Uganda, and the Uganda railway linking them. As late as 1897 old customs had not died out, for in that year, near Harar, I saw Somali youths and girls being marched roped together into Ethiopia, said to be going into permanent servitude. Fighting had occurred, and with them were mules loaded with hundreds of rifles of dead Ethiopians, to be locked up by chiefs and reissued to the armies.

But the old bad days are gone. To-day it is, however, through European governments that rather reactionary measures against the African are sometimes taken. In the Great War of 1914 they were used both in Europe and Africa. When looking at war memorials in every hamlet in Europe one's sympathy also goes out to those black men of Africa who lost their lives in a quarrel about Alsace-Lorraine which did not concern them. In the kraals news of the loss of a son has the same crushing effect as in a laborer's cottage in Flanders. Conscription of labor, of course, has sometimes to be resorted to in peace time, but it is only justified when the villagers are directly benefited by the results. But one of the worst reactions toward race slavery on a great scale is the attempt, by some political parties, to prevent Africans from rising by their brains and energy to the higher-paid jobs, in which they would compete with the white artisan.

The danger in want of agreement between European countries on what should be a common policy has brought terrible hardship on the Ogaden Somali tribes, at the back of, but outside, the British protectorate of North Somaliland. When exploring, for the Indian Government, the Ethiopian frontier of Somaliland in 1891–92, I visited Gildessa, and found the Ethiopian customhouse piled high with modern rifles, brought in chiefly by European traders dealing in wines. These rifles, among other destinations, were used on the Ogaden raids. I was present in Ogaden in 1893 when a mullah was preaching against Ethiopia, and I was, as guest of the tribe, invited to the *fantasia* given in his honor by five hundred horsemen. After it was over a crowd of men and women followed my camel, plucking at my riding boots, begging me to get the British Government to expostulate with Ethiopia.

Their trouble was that these tribes,

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two hundred and fifty miles inland, which depended on the British coasts for imports of Indian rice, Arabian dates, and American calico, were forbidden by the British Government to import a single rifle. They said, 'Either get us protection or let us buy arms with which to protect ourselves.' The matter was, of course, reported, but they were beyond our border, and the gun-runners were working through the seaport of a friendly European Power; so, I think, nothing could be done. Had all the Powers of Europe kept to one policy about arms importation, the terrible tragedy, then in full swing, among scenes I shall never forget, would have been avoided. Eventually the Ethiopians have pushed their border up to the line of Italian Somaliland, and the Ogadens have been, I believe, cut into two sections.

Further north, the wild Somali coast had a bad reputation when we took it over in 1884, owing to the cutting out of disabled ships and murder of crews, and also to a former attack on Speke's caravan on Berbera beach by robbers. But that bad name was soon falsified; our surveys were everywhere well received, and by 1893, four hundred miles inland, wild guides would accept from any Englishman a piece of paper for payment, waiting for the next trade season to hand it to men of a caravan of camels going to the coast, confident that it would be cashed at the coast administrator's office. Then came the Mad Mullah campaigns, and, almost worse, home 'party politics.' War bills were heavy. Somaliland was used by successive governments as a stick to beat the Opposition with. Though the Mullah was generally kept at bay and protection given at any time during a period of twenty years, yet at one time economy was tried, our own coast tribes were cut up in spite of the efforts of our officers, and I heard that Somali women stoned the detachments as they marched to the pier. It is only fair to say that that cruel pest, the Mad Mullah, was finally disposed of in 1919.

Racial groupings of tribes have not been much considered in the delimitation of boundaries, founded on the rivalries or friendships of Europe. The flagrant absurdity of this is shown clearly in the present five Somalilands — a French, Ethiopian, Italian; also a British North Somaliland; and, with Italian and Ethiopian governments between it and North Somaliland, a Southern Somaliland which has been absorbed by Kenya Colony. Yet these sections, only three being actually shown on the map, lie over one continuous country, inhabited by one highly intelligent, naturally civilized, and rich, homogeneous race, of the same simple Bedouin habits, an all-pervading Mohammedan religion, a common speech, living under five alien Christian administrations. Africa can show other bad cases, and as education spreads trouble will result.

Another danger is that in Europe there is much fresh talk of pegging out claims in Africa for surplus European populations. We, in Kenya, have as clean a record as history can show, for we took over lands depopulated by the marauding Masai. What is to be feared is that the cry for colonies might take the form of endeavoring to introduce white peasants on land long tilled by Africans.

Some day the question will arise as to how far African military training is desirable. France employed Senegalese in Europe, Britain and Germany employed Africans in East African campaigns, and we had a labor corps in Flanders. They have all seen the technicalities of modern war. One begins to visualize their more extended use in Southern Europe, even for labor in peace time; it is likely

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eventually to bring about a general interchange between the two continents, and the survival of white blood, as such, might be threatened. White people elsewhere, notably Brahmans and Rajputs who formerly entered India from the north, seem to have been affected by interchange with the brown people they found already there. Africans are not so decadent as some Europeans and Asiatics. They are a virile race. Although centuries behind the Orientals in civilization, they have nothing to learn in what is called 'character' as apart from book education.

In the control of the tropical belt of Africa the white man, who cannot permanently exist except at the higher levels, has not in the long run the ghost of a chance of being the only dominating element. Medical science is powerless to alter the deleterious effect of a hot climate on the white races and their descendants. Men of pure African blood will arise in Africa itself, men with the virility of Lobengula, with education added, who, natural public speakers, as are all African chiefs, will interest themselves in politics. Then, like the people with African blood who are said to be buying up blocks of houses in New York, they will educate their own professional men to look after them. African chiefs have been enterprising in character through history for good or evil. Such men as Chaka, Lobengula, Tippoo Tib, had their talents for ruling been turned in the right direction, might have been useful to our civilization. In Ethiopia we need not, for great men, go further back than Menelik II, his nephew Ras Makonnen, and Ras Taffari, Makonnen's son. It was an interesting experience when, as a member of the Rennell Rodd Mission to Menelik, I dined with a thousand officers of his household. That assembly of Ethiopians represented what would at home be the Cabinet, Lords, Commons, Privy Council, and so forth, in the presence of the Negusa-Negust, their Emperor. I well remember the fine old Africa statesmen, their dignity, the decorum and etiquette of that Court, all of which brought home to me the fact that Africans are capable of rising to very high responsibility.

In the civilization of to-day, which is one and indivisible the world over, the forward races are trustees for those that have fallen behind. It is a far cry from African to long-civilized India; but human nature being much alike, methods that have had success in India might be used with advantage in Africa. We keep order in India with a handful of white troops only because there is one supreme government with laws uniform for all races in the huge peninsula. In a long Indian service, short periods of duty in public works secretariats and with two great municipalities and several district boards, opportunities have been given to me of observing our methods of control. The system of administering about half the country directly, and the other half under Indian rulers having the advice of political officers appointed by the Supreme Government, is excellent.

I know the Africans intimately, having sometimes been quite alone with them 'on trek' for periods of a year at a time; and I believe that if the six European Powers wish to continue to keep order permanently in tropical Africa they will save themselves a lot of trouble by resorting to the Indian plan. For maharajahs write paramount African chiefs, for rajahs write lesser chiefs, even for district boards write tribal elders with a white chairman, and the thing is done. For Supreme Government write a Council in Europe of the six or seven interested Powers, acting with the help of a council in

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Africa of their black dependencies to which Ethiopia and Liberia should be parties. African chiefs can easily be turned in the right direction, away from jealousies and war.

The great question for tropical Africa, then, is a certain measure of uniformity of control in Europe for the whole area, and some measure of cohesion between the various African states themselves. It looks as if it might pay Great Britain, Portugal, and Belgium to hold at least the tropical parts of their African possessions under some sort of mandate with the backing of the whole world, instead of arousing its jealousy and opposition. Portugal owns some of the best harbors, but is sometimes short of funds. Spain's possessions, with one small exception, are outside the tropics.

The position of Ethiopia is peculiar, and is somewhat analogous in Africa to that held by Switzerland in Europe. Save for a slightly Jewish strain, Ethiopians of all classes are much more typical of Africa in feature, color, and general physical appearance than are the members of the Mohammedan tribes, Sudanese Arabs, Somalis, and Gallas living on their borders, whose more slender bodies and better features remind one of Orientals. Ethiopia, with its feudal system and religious liberties, its conservative early Christian Church, its more progressive State, represents the highest achievement in organization yet attained by tropical African races. Much of its climate at high levels, and its landscapes of green downs, or forests of cedar, juniper, or larch, remind one strongly of Switzerland or of England. As in Switzerland, the country belongs to its peasants and farmers, who will never part willingly with their excellent title deeds.

If Ethiopian frontier generals do not periodically raid the neighboring tribes, Ethiopia will be a haven of neutrality among African states; and, like Switzerland in Europe, it should be upheld in its integrity forever. In Ethiopia white men are welcomed as honored guests or as paid purveyors of scientific improvements, but never as masters. While its mountains are defensible, and its army is strong for defense, its aggressive powers are somewhat discounted by the possession of a weak commissariat, for in the wild, arid country below, away from its fertile mountains, meat has to be driven 'on the hoof' and grain has to be carried by mules. Its army has an ancient organization with a hierarchy of efficient generals, and has during the last thirty years been adapting itself to modern arms.

Among memories treasured by me, as a member of the Rodd Political Mission, was the sight of the review, and the march for ten miles, over the elevated green plains of Shoa at some nine thousand feet above the sea, of twenty-five thousand Ethiopian troops. As they moved to the sound of flutes, the prevailing color impression was that of white togas dashed with an oblique band of red, short white drawers, and, like the Assyrians of the poet, a great deal of black or dark purplish mantles and gold-edged lion or leopard skins, gold-plated and silver-plated shields and gold-inlaid rifles, and dark velvet scabbards ornamented with gold, of all the chiefs and officers of consequence. There were foot soldiers in companies, and cavalry of chiefs riding together on good horses or riding-mules, richly caparisoned. Three of the Ethiopian generals whom I knew privately as their guest when on three visits to the country made a great impression on my mind. Two were Fitaurari, or advance-guard frontier generals. The third was Ras Makonnen, with whom I spent a week in 1893 at

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Harar, and who afterward visited England. He was an excellent host and a man of native refinement and ability by any standards. The visit of his son the Regent, Ras Taffari, to Europe, is fresh in people's minds.

In consultation with European statesmen, while keeping their independence, Ethiopians would no doubt be ready to reform anything old-fashioned, like the cruel forms of punishment for criminals, especially as, in a feudal country, what people at the top say counts; and visits to Europe are becoming fashionable among Ethiopian chiefs. They can afford to come, and their visits should be encouraged in every way. It was a good thing when, in 1897, Britain decided to keep a representative at Addis Ababa permanently, and another good thing when Ethiopia joined the League of Nations. I believe Ethiopia would be willing to join consultations with other states of tropical Africa in discussions likely to secure more uniformity in the control of the whole area. On the whole, Christian Ethiopia in Africa, like Switzerland in Europe, is powerful enough to be a useful friend, but would be an expensive and troublesome opponent if its ownership of its land, or its political integrity, were in danger.

I have tried to show that the present system of control of most of the states of the Central African area by several European Powers, founded as it is on the balance of power in Europe, is too weak a system unless considerably modified to be able to meet the shock of the sudden awakening and general education of the Africans that is coming. I believe the system would be stronger if the European Powers concerned could be induced to accept some sort of special mandate from the League of Nations for the administration of all their tropical possessions; also, that a further addition to strength would be if representatives of all the six or seven African states within the area, and including Ethiopia, could often meet in consultation on purely African questions, on the lines of those consultations which have already taken place between the British dependencies of East Africa. They could be subject to arbitration of differences by the League of all nations. Further, the legal codes of African states seem to require revision so as to include some uniform laws, common to all, on such questions in which all are interested as the importation of arms, enlistment of Africans, African labor regulations, and tribal and racial boundaries. Such a system as is here sketched would for 'Black Africa' raise the principle of mandates in Africa above all chance of national jealousy and help to clear the air should any redistribution of African mandates ever come up for discussion.

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ABYSSINIA, LAND OF BABEL[1]

BY KURT LUBINSKI

In all the world there is no single independent state that contains within its boundaries so many racial and religious elements as Abyssinia. Class feeling, race pride, and religious zeal have shaped the structure of the present Ethiopian nation without having weakened it.

The first external impression one receives is not fully appreciated by a European, who fails to realize the significance of the different-colored skins of the natives, ranging from the light brown of the Amharites to the inky black of the negro. Ethnologically the country is composed of Semites, Hamites, Cushites, and the primitive Wata and Agau tribes. Business is carried on by Arabs, Indians, Armenians, Ægean Greeks, and domiciled Europeans of every nation. The journalist at once remarks how closely the various religions are thrown together — the Coptic Abyssinians with their Bible dating back fifteen hundred years, the Mohammedan tribes of Somali, Danakili, Guragi, and Harargi, the French Catholic missionaries, Swedish Evangelists, American Adventists, the Jewish Falashas in the northern part of the country, heathens in the south, and elsewhere wandering Buddhists, Brahmans, and Zoroastrians, clothed in cotton and handling English pound notes.

To me the most astonishing aspect of Abyssinia was its profound prejudice against the negro, with his thick lips, flat, soft nose, and black skin. He is held in much the same contempt that people in Texas and other parts of the United States feel for the 'colored folks,' as they call them. This comparison rests on an historical basis, for in Abyssinia negroes are either homeless slaves, free descendants of former slaves, — like those in the United States, — or members of a neighboring tribe that Menelik subdued. These three different types of negro are not all subject to the same laws, and do not all enjoy the same privileges. Hakim Workna, an Abyssinian doctor, founded a Law and Services Association, whose members promised to free any slaves they possessed, to set them up on their estates, and to educate their children to some kind of manual trade.

Two neighboring tribes have been engaged for the past ten years in an enormous slave traffic with Abyssinia. The reason for this is that the feudal lords of Abyssinia need thousands of warriors, and these neighboring states furnish them with the Shankalla, whose flat, almost expressionless faces and stretched ears testify to their backwardness, and the Wolamos, who have specialized in elephant hunting for the last two decades. Mounted on galloping horses, they pursue their wild prey, cutting off the animals' tails and bringing them back as trophies of the hunt. A red arm-band now distinguishes the free Wolamo from the slave, for class differences are emphasized here.

The Amharite inhabitants of Abys-

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *September* 25

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sinia have left no artistic monuments behind them, though they have obviously been governing the country for hundreds of years. They take special pains to keep the color of their skin light, and their women in particular avoid sitting in the sun for fear of getting tanned. The Amharite servants who ride behind their masters have another boy to wait on them, and whenever they get any money they buy cartridges, cartridge belts, a wide-brimmed felt hat, and a gun — in short, all the insignia of a prosperous free man.

European accounts of the inhabitants of Africa belittle these Amharites. Yet we could learn many hygienic lessons from them, for they have developed an extraordinary technique in washing and massaging their hands, legs, and feet at the end of a day's walk. The merest boy understands the principles of the circulation of the blood and of nervous control. Some of their customs, however, would shock our æsthetes. Around their necks they wear a silver cross, and a ring of the same metal dangles from each ear. The brown hand of the Abyssinian graciously pokes this cross into his ear while he explains to me how the country is becoming more Europeanized every year.

Comical effects abound — and, curiously enough, the Abyssinians themselves are aware of them. Nevertheless, they relinquish very slowly any of their customs that differ from the European idea of what real civilization should be. The following anecdote illustrates how keenly a Semitic Abyssinian appreciates the significance of the Guragi's relation to the rest of the country.

'The future of our economic life depends on the Guragi,' the Abyssinian customs director, Gebre Eghzier, told me, 'and they are the most hated people in the country, because they are much more industrious than members of the Amharite race.'

That is the opinion of an intelligent native concerning a group of people generally held in contempt. In the market, in the Greek hotel, and among the soldiers I heard quite a different story. 'The Guragi are liars and thieves, one and all!'

This hatred is easily explained. It is a universal, naïve envy, typical of the shortsighted mob. In point of fact, the Guragi dominate the weekly market at Addis Ababa as money changers, silver merchants, and sheep traders, while their wives deal in groceries. The leading Guragi already occupy the highest government positions.

An extraordinary, unique, and admirable nation! Nine different groups live in the southern part of their capital city — mostly Mohammedans and Coptic Christians. As carpenters and porters they come to Addis Ababa, having saved money to buy themselves a wife, a cow, and a calf, and they bring keen bargaining powers to market with them, too. The fact that you always call 'Guragi!' when you want someone to carry something for you or perform any kind of work indicates the importance of this tribe.

The complete isolation of the Coptic Christians from the followers of all other religions is astonishing. People are intolerant here, but the intolerance is due to ambition, and only lasts as long as it is needed. It is not religious zeal at all.

In Eastern Abyssinia stands the ancient city of Harar, famous as the export centre for Mocha, but of no interest to the central government. Menelik conquered Harar, and his soldiers baptized it with blood, but the wise Ras Makonnen, the father of the present ruler, Ras Taffari, proved a humane governor. The real point,

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however, is that the railroad that connects Addis Ababa with the coast does not pass through the Mohammedan city of Harar. It was an insoluble technical problem to carry this road through the city, because it would have had to pass over mountains. Instead they preferred to go sixty kilometres to the north through the Franco-Ethiopian station of Dire Dawa. As a result, the inhabitants of Harar remain true to their dromedaries, and not a single automobile road traverses their fruitful territory.

I witnessed here the workings of diplomacy in the Orient. Sultan Hodshili, the sheik of the Beni Shangul negroes in the southern part of the country, is a Mohammedan vassal of Abyssinia. He was a rich man possessing elephant-hunting country and gold mines, but he has been sorely vexed. The English occupied most of his domain, and he paid tremendous taxes on what was left him — more, in fact, than such a chief ever had to pay before. In the meanwhile, it came to pass that an Abyssinian business man perfidiously sold this property to a foreigner with forged stamps, and even stole the furniture in the sheik's city house. Legal processes, reclamations, oaths, and counteroaths followed endlessly. The gray-haired old negro, having been condemned to nine years in chains, had now departed to the court of the Empress Zauditu in his huge riding boots, with his mighty white turban over his pock-marked face. Yet in spite of his wonderful appearance he merely exists on sufferance, and his power would have been completely shattered had he possessed less money and had there been fewer soldiers defending his property.

The most extraordinary things happen in this conglomeration of races. On the salt lake of Abjata my caravan and I encountered a family war. Unlike the rest of the country, this particular district still lives in the most primitive African fashion. The Abanossa-Galla and the Alaba dwell here as neighbors. The Alaba are of mixed blood, half Guragi and half Galla, a kind of gypsy. The Galla had nothing against the Alaba as long as they remained poor and oppressed, but when the impoverished race seized the cattle and the grazing lands of the others strife ensued. The feud continues, though its causes keep changing. While I was there an Alaba had killed an Abanossa because a short time previously someone had stolen his wife.

The only thing in common between the Galla inhabitants of Addis Ababa and this race I encountered is their blood. In other ways they are quite different. To a European the Galla seem by far the most capable inhabitants of the country; clever, ambitious, quick, and industrious, they look as competent as they really are. Menelik has their mounted lancers to thank for most of his renown as a warrior.

In spite of the millions of Coptic Christians and Mohammedans in the country, a small group of sixty thousand people also plays a decisive rôle. These are the Jewish Falashas. Fifty years ago every aspect of their existence was closely supervised, and their progress since then is a significant comment on the racial history of North Africa. The most astonishing thing to me about these Abyssinian Jews, who are darker-skinned than most of the rest of the population, is that they are not Semites at all, but of Cushite origin. They are the descendants of the Jewish soldiers of some Egyptian Pharaoh who colonized the Plateau of Habesh. They are manual workers — carpenters, weavers, potters, turners, and smiths. Not a single merchant among them! The explanation is very

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simple — they are so orthodox that they will not eat or travel with people of a different belief. The Falashas still sacrifice a little kid, as Abraham did, though they first learned Hebrew only twenty years ago. Through the Pro-Falasha Committee of Dr. Jacques Faitlowich, students are going to be sent to European or American universities, and already some of them are studying in Munich, Leipzig, Frankfort on the Main, Halberstadt, and Vienna.

The destruction wrought by Sultan Mohammed Grajn has almost obliterated the historical traces the Falashas left behind. They are, however, related to the primitive Agau tribe, some of whose descendants I hired as hippopotamus hunters, for they speak a similar language. The Falashas in the Abyssinian province of Semeien lead their traditional life unmolested, and in Addis Ababa the Falasha Mission is conducting its educational work under the protection of Ras Taffari. Unquestionably the Ethiopian State is rearing a staunch structure.

LLOYD GEORGE AT HOME[1]

BY A GERMAN VISITOR

As the end of the parliamentary holidays approached and the party leaders returned to the scene of their conflicts, Lloyd George left his estate in Wales and moved to his country house in Surrey. During important sessions he lives in his town house, but he has recently been spending a few days in his paradise in Surrey, and it was there that he received me with an open-handed hospitality quite appropriate to the freshness and vigor of his whole personality.

The automobile journey from London to his country house was no simple matter, but Count Bernstorff had the kindness to take me there. He himself drove his automobile down dark, beautiful highways, displaying rare skill in the heavy traffic and marked talent at finding his way. We passed through Kingston, Guildford, Godalming, and Milford, where we turned off toward Thursley, going up hill and down dale, always surrounded by lovely forests, whose green foliage our headlights illuminated. Finally, after a journey of about two hours, we arrived at the white gate of the park in which the house of the former prime minister stands on a little hill.

Lloyd George received us wearing a brown smoking jacket. All his words and motions were infused with the spirit of youth, though his long white hair flowed down over his collar. After greeting us with a cordial handshake, he led us into a well-heated, tastefully decorated living-room, and then into a medium-sized dining-room. All the time he talked to us like a guide on a Cook's tour, and seemed in high spirits and interested in everything. His daughter Megan inherits her father's political capacity, and occupies the position of private secretary. She and

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October* 23

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his pretty daughter-in-law stayed at the dinner table with us until we began to smoke.

At first we talked about the domestic situation of England, and Lloyd George expressed without any triumphant display of optimism the hope that the next elections would put a majority of Liberals and Socialists into power. He seemed to be completely convinced that Baldwin's Cabinet would not ask for Parliament to be dissolved, and he predicted that a general election would not occur until 1929, adding that he would not dare to prophesy further concerning such remote matters.

I then mentioned the fact that I had not seen him since the Genoa Conference, and told him that I had always remembered how skillfully he had quieted the agitation aroused by the Rapallo Treaty and how he had subdued the fury of the French delegate Barthou and had avoided the break-up of the Conference that Paris demanded.

'Yes,' he said cheerfully, 'Poincaré and Barthou wanted to wreck the Conference. Barthou was very bitter, even bitterer than Poincaré, but they could not quite succeed.'

It was no great step from the Rapallo Treaty to the questions aroused by Soviet Russia to-day. Lloyd George expressed the opinion that Bolshevism would perhaps last ten or twenty more years, and that then some strong man would become dictator. He does not care for that type of government, but feels that Russia will need it. The type of dictator he imagined would not be a reactionary, but someone more like Trotskii. He looked upon Trotskii as the cleverest of all the Russians, although even more of a radical in his foreign policy than the rest — which attitude, he suggested, might be due to his having to create an Opposition. Lloyd George added that Europe would wear quite a different face as soon as Russia abandoned her present impotent foreign policy and returned once more to the political arena.

'And at that moment,' said Lloyd George, 'the position of Germany will be enormously improved, for it will then be able to take its place by the side of Russia, by the side of a much stronger Russia, that may have lost much and suffered much, but that will be in a condition to win back a great deal.'

He admitted that things might turn out differently, and that the situation might not prove so favorable to Germany as he imagined. Count Bernstorff and I argued that the capitalist Powers might not allow us much room in the Russia of the dictatorship, but Lloyd George took a cheerful view of the future activity of German capital there. I made the observation that Russia's present foreign policy reflected a fear of English aggression, or at least a fear of England's creating a hostile circle of Powers, and I told him what Chicherin had told me a few months ago — that England wanted to ruin Soviet Russia and not come to an understanding with it. I argued that the situation was essentially the same as it had been before the war, and that again the greatest danger lay in the atmosphere of universal fear. Shrugging his shoulders and waving his hands, Lloyd George tossed this aside as a preposterous idea, saying that all these fears were unspeakably silly, and that no one wanted a war. It would be foolish, he said, to fear Communism, for Germany had repulsed it, and in England it had collapsed in the face of the British labor unions. He then went on to poke a little fun at people who attribute everything in the form of disaster to the Communist movement. 'Fortunately,' he said, 'Germany does not lend herself blindly to Russian schemes, for they might well imperil her entire future.'

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I explained to him that Germany was like a man to whom all doors were locked and who found in the street another person who had been treated just as badly. It was only natural that the two should decide to go together. Even to-day our political situation did not seem to me so secure that we could afford to break with Russia, nor could we allow our attitude and intentions to be influenced by Bolshevist theories. Lloyd George found nothing to object to in this, and announced with a nod, 'A break is always a mistake,' giving me clearly to understand that he had little use for the kind of English policy whose ultimate wisdom lay in severing relations with Moscow.

He then discussed the situation in Germany, and when we described the new economic difficulties, the high prices, and the dispute about the foreign loans, he expressed the opinion that all these troubles would soon disappear. But when he said that Germany had freed herself of her obligations by the inflation, Count Bernstorff pointed to the Reparations we had to pay and to the growing indebtedness of private industry in Germany to America. 'But on that score,' replied Lloyd George with a laugh, 'Germany has received real dollars from America, whereas England in return for the loans she granted during the war has not been repaid in dollars at all.'

I readily conceded to him that we had improved considerably since the first few years after the war, but said that we still had a great deal to wish for, and I asked him how a nation could be free as long as a foreign Power occupied part of its soil. He made no attempt to conceal his agreement with this opinion, and expressed himself in no uncertain terms concerning the policy and personality of Poincaré. Since I do not wish to lay myself open to base suspicions, I feel that it would be wise to draw a veil over this part of our conversation.

Lloyd George then asked about Stresemann. He does not know him personally, but believes that he has followed a very farsighted policy of patience and honesty that has disposed English public opinion to sympathize with Germany. The English respect the way Germany has quietly worked out a new destiny for herself, and they admire the patience with which we are proceeding. I told Lloyd George that it would be easier for us to follow our weary path if we could see our goal before us. Unfortunately, there seemed to be no prospect of the return of Danzig and the Polish Corridor.

'But you know,' replied Lloyd George with a laugh, 'that in all history the Polish question has never been settled. This fact becomes more and more clear every day, and the only way of solving the eastern question is for Germany to continue its present tolerant policy. Naturally revision can only be secured through the League of Nations.

'I have been most surprised that Germans discussing treaty revision have almost entirely ignored a document that Clemenceau signed at Versailles at the request of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau. Instead you always turn to Article XIX of the Peace Treaty. Article XIX speaks of the right of the League of Nations to revise treaties that have become unsuitable, but it is much less specific than this document I speak of. Wilson and I — Wilson, by the way, was more pro-Polish in the eastern question than the French themselves, since he was under the influence of Paderewski — had the passage pertaining to treaty revision formulated together with Clemenceau. The objection might be raised that Article XIX only concerns certain isolated points in the Treaty and not

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the whole document. Our memorandum, on the other hand, is more favorable to Germany. But obviously' — and here Lloyd George shook his forefinger in the air and intoned his words deeply — 'the League of Nations is the only road to take.'

It might be remarked by way of explanation that the memorandum in question, dated the sixteenth of June, 1919, in which the Allies refused Count Brockdorff-Rantzau's demand for alterations of the Treaty, contained the following paragraph, inserted at the insistence of Lloyd George and Wilson: 'The Treaty also creates the necessary means to regulate freely all international problems through discussion and common understanding, and to find the means by which the provisions of 1919 can be changed and altered from time to time as new facts and new circumstances arise.'

I mentioned that in that very summer of 1919 I had opposed signing the Treaty for as long as it seemed to be possible to pursue these tactics with any prospect of success and without the collapse of German unity, and I asked what would have happened in the case of a refusal. Lloyd George made a strategic move and instead of speaking of the Peace Treaty changed the subject to the Armistice, saying that he had been surprised that Germany had accepted the Armistice instead of withdrawing its army behind the Rhine. In that case he would have been forced to explain to his countrymen in London that they could have peace, but not to be surprised if it did not bring them all that they had hoped for, and he felt that those in favor of peace would certainly have prevailed.

'Germany had no real leaders at that time. The military element was powerless. They had wrecked the country, and no other leaders had appeared.'

I agreed, — although I had some doubts as to how accurately he had described the situation, — and admitted that we had no Lloyd George to help us. He took this with a laugh.

Lloyd George's vital temperament illuminates everything he says, and we were soon talking about German naval policy under the Kaiser and von Tirpitz, which had convinced England at the critical moment of the necessity for war. I explained to him that some of our historians who supported von Tirpitz and his party believed that our naval policy had no influence on England's decision to go to war. He replied that it was a very foolish policy just the same, for Tirpitz had put English public opinion in a state of mind where it would easily explode, and German naval policy had prevented a timely alliance between Germany and England and had made it easy for the English to decide to go to war. He took more or less the same line that Winston Churchill pursued in his memoirs, which answered the arguments of the Tirpitz party on this question. He also added that England as an island always had to be on her guard lest another great sea Power should threaten her freedom of movement, and she could not allow the mighty German fleet to lay her open to this danger. Nevertheless, the Asquith Cabinet would never have declared war in August 1914 if Germany had not invaded Belgium. English financial circles opposed participating in the war, and even at the last moment a delegation from the City, headed by the Governor of the Bank of England, begged the Cabinet to remain neutral; and Lloyd George himself, together with the majority of his fellow Cabinet members, had decided to reply to a declaration of war with their resignations. When, however, the news of the German invasion of Belgium was

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announced, all possibility of peace disappeared.

'Even to-day I cannot understand how Germany could have been so completely deceived about our ideas and feelings, and how she could have imagined that we would tolerate the invasion of Belgium. England is a conservative country, and its foreign policy has always pursued a conservative line. For centuries one of the traditional fundamentals of English policy has been to oppose anyone who invaded the North Sea coast of Belgium. For this reason England fought against Spain once and against France three times, and warned Napeoleon III in 1870. How in the world could Berlin have ignored these obvious facts? I was completely dumfounded at the way Germany began military operations. The right thing would have been for the German army to take up a strong defensive line in the Vosges, and the German Staff should then have concentrated the majority of its forces in the east, where it could easily have overcome the Russian opposition. Instead of this, the Germans marched into Belgium, and thus served notice on England that she must enter the war, too.'

I expressed the opinion that it would only have delayed matters, that the allies of France and Russia could not have remained impassive, and that Lloyd George himself, as well as Lansdowne and other English statesmen, had repeatedly informed the German Government that England could not tolerate a complete defeat of France or a weakening of French power. This fact Berlin unfortunately forgot. He replied that this was true enough, but that things might not have gone so far, and that in any case we might have had time to open new negotiations.

'For my part,' he said, 'I was always amazed by what happened, and could not understand why Bethmann-Hollweg did not ask to be told the German military plans until the last moment. I often asked Count Bülow and Bethmann-Hollweg if at times of international crisis there were never discussions between the political leaders and the General Staff concerning plans for the war, and it appears that such discussions never took place.'

Lloyd George shook his fine white-haired head from side to side, and raised his arms in the air as if he were standing in the presence of the Incomprehensible. Then he continued: 'Members of the English Cabinet have always known the strategic plans of our military authorities. As the Agadir conflict drew near, we summoned the Chief of the British General Staff, and Asquith, Grey, and I asked him about all the different arrangements and plans he had made in case of a crisis. His plan included a defense of Belgium. We were always thoroughly informed.'

I would not and could not describe to him the extraordinary and shameful situation that prevented anything like that from happening in Germany under the Kaiser, and did not attempt to demonstrate why the absolutely essential coöperation between political and military leadership had never been possible. I should have had to describe all the mad anarchy that in the name of discipline submitted everything to military genius. Nor could I confess that William II's military pride, based on the great strategic victories of 1870, forbade as an unsuitable innovation any mixture of the civil and military. I also kept to myself the fact that certain people who learn nothing from experience live in the same spirit to-day.

Lloyd George settled back in his chair, puffing cigar smoke, and his marvelous youthfulness illuminated all the many things that he said. He has a marked sympathy for strong personal-

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ities, and feels much closer to a Clemenceau than to a Poincaré. He would make Trotskii a dictator, and I need hardly add that he himself possesses personal charm of the highest order. It would be impossible to set down all his opinions, but it was a great pleasure to talk with a statesman who expresses his opinions freely and does not look anxiously over his shoulder at every word he speaks. He is earnest, not steadfast; careless, and even reckless. This attitude delights the masses, and has contributed vitally to his success, and it is no detraction from his personal powers to say that the summit of statesmanship is to take advantage of an opponent's folly.

BORODIN'S SWAN SONG[1]

BY AAGE KRARUP NIELSEN

It was really comical trying to make the boy at the dirty little 'Garden Hotel' in Nanking understand that I was in a hurry to get to Hankow. One gloomy gray morning I was aroused from my deck chair, in which for want of a bed I had been sleeping for a couple of hours. With shouts and gestures the boy was trying to make me understand that a steamer bound for Hankow had just docked on the Yangtze.

I succeeded in getting on board without a ticket. A fat Chinese agent who had hired all the passenger rights from the Japanese ship company that owned the boat walked up to me on the deck with wabbly steps and pointed his stubby arm toward the shore, trying to explain to me in pidgin English that no 'foreign passenger' was allowed and that I had to go ashore again. Fortunately, I was able to pretend not to understand what he was saying long enough to give the ship time to start. Luck had favored me. As the propellers began revolving the agent still stood beside me complaining, but presently he allowed me to look for a place to sleep. All the first- and second-class cabins had been made into pigpens, where Chinese were sleeping on tables, sofas, and the floor. The ship was littered with filth, mattresses, papers, little children, and vegetable parings. The whole boat had been turned into fourth class, and the price of one passage gave you the run of the ship.

Thanks to the kindness of the Japanese officers, I slept and ate in their quarters, which were situated amidships, high above the part of the boat where the Chinese spent their time singing, playing games, and smoking opium. All through the hot night groups of pot-bellied Chinese merchants sat at their Mah Jongg boards, stripped to the waist. Their bent yellow bodies, gleaming with oil and sweat under the electric light, looked like bronze and gold images of Mammon.

In spite of these nighttime activities, they never missed a chance to carry on their regular business, and they would smuggle opium and negotiate various financial transactions

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October* 12

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whenever the boat stopped. Hardly any important business could be done, for times were hard and uncertain, and chaotic conditions prevailed throughout the entire Yangtze Valley.

After a journey of more than two days, we arrived at Hankow, and as soon as I landed I tried to get into touch with the man on whom all interests in Hankow focused — the Russian Borodin, organizer and originator of the Chinese revolution. I had brought back from my visit to the headquarters at Soochow a copy of the ultimatum that Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang had signed together and had issued to the Hankow government when they made their alliance.

Although Feng Yu-hsiang had assured himself of the antagonism of the Communist régime in Hankow, he and Chiang now demanded that Borodin leave China and that the Communist Chinese at Hankow be thus left out in the cold. Naturally this ultimatum burst on Hankow like a bomb, and important political consequences followed. I hoped, therefore, to be able to speak to Borodin at this vital moment, just when the bomb had fallen; and here again I was in luck.

No other figure in the Chinese revolution has been painted in such brilliant colors as this remarkable Russian who for the last four years has been the brains and inspiration of the movement that originated in Canton and that spread through all of China. He is generally represented as worse than the Devil himself — a fiery Red Communist, a desperate fanatic who plunged China into hell fire, who has tried to undo everything that the white race has wrought out here, and in this way to upset capitalist society throughout the world. He has been represented as a bloodstained murderer who is entirely responsible for all the slaughter and violence that the Chinese mob wrought among the foreigners in China. He has been accused of being an unscrupulous political negotiator whose only purpose in life is to upset the established order and to disappear to a secure spot as soon as he feels the ground giving way under his feet.

In consequence, I was filled with tension and expectancy as I climbed the steps of the high, massive building of gray cement in the French concession at Hankow where Borodin and his staff were installed. It was impressive to contemplate standing face to face with the man who during the last four years has been more hated, more feared, and more despised than any other person in China.

After passing two rather fierce-looking Chinese janitors who were stationed to keep out unexpected visitors, I was led into a waiting-room on the second story. The corridors were filled with a motley assortment of Chinese servants and office employees and Russian members of Borodin's political staff. Some were dressed in blouses, others in elegant light tropical clothes, the latter belonging to the secretarial force. Many showed traces of Hebrew ancestry.

In a few minutes the door opened. Borodin appeared, and begged me to come into his reception room. He was a greater contrast to the type of person whom my fancy had depicted than I could possibly have imagined. The man who stood before me was strong and well-proportioned, apparently in his late forties. All his motions were easy and graceful. He spoke slowly in a deep, sympathetic voice. His lined, thin face was animated by a pair of dark, impressive eyes that looked as if they belonged to a dreamer or inventor rather than to a desperate fanatic, an avenger and destroyer. His slow and rather heavy manner, his casual appearance, and his short English mous-

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tache reminded me of a British labor leader who had risen from the ranks but who also had a long career of political training behind him.

The news that I had just come from Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters in Soochow, where I had had the opportunity to witness the agreement between that leader and Feng Yu-hsiang, accounted for the ease with which I was able to reach Borodin. He at once asked me to give him my impressions of my journey on the Nationalist front, the military situation in the North, and the characters of the two generals. I gave him a stenographic report of the speeches the two men had made at the banquet when their agreement was sealed, but Borodin still doubted that they had formed an alliance directed against Hankow. I then mentioned the fact that an ultimatum was now on the way to Hankow, if indeed it had not already arrived. Borodin had received such a telegram with Feng's signature from Nanking, but he had suspected that it had been forged there in order to upset the political situation in Hankow. But when I gave him the ultimatum word for word, and added that I had just received it personally from the hands of Chiang Kai-shek after the agreement had been sealed, he went through it paragraph by paragraph and recognized that it was really a genuine document and that Feng had definitely taken sides against Hankow. To destroy the last shadow of doubt, he was going to send a telegram to Feng Yu-hsiang at once, and he said that when I returned that evening at nine o'clock he would have his answer ready and would be able to tell me what he planned to do in the present situation. As I took my leave he begged me to leave my stenographic report of the speeches of the two allies with him.

Meanwhile various interests started to work behind the scenes in an endeavor to take advantage of the results that the sudden political shake-up would produce. Undoubtedly an important element within the Hankow government had been in secret communication with Feng before he had arrived at his agreement with Chiang Kai-shek. The financial condition at Hankow was serious. The Communist workers' organizations were becoming more and more domineering, and could hardly be restrained any longer. Twenty thousand men had been lost in Honan fighting against the Northerners, and eight thousand lay wounded in the various hospitals I had visited. Those who had been seriously wounded were left to their fate on the field of battle. It boded ill for the future strength of the Nanking régime if only Borodin and the Left Wing Communists could be counted upon. The question was whether Borodin's personal influence could still hold the weakening cause together and prevent a break-up and collapse of the Hankow government. The next few days would tell.

That evening, as I sat in a deep English Chesterfield chair opposite Borodin in his study, another voice seemed to be speaking. Perhaps it was due to the shaded light and the stillness, but Borodin seemed a changed man. Here he appeared at peace, and in a calm, restrained voice that now and then responded to the intensity of his thoughts he described the events that were perhaps going to draw the curtain on his activities in China. Ever since I had first met him at noon I had felt that something was going to happen. He told me a telegram had arrived from Feng Yu-hsiang in which the ultimatum had been repeated, along with the news of the alliance with Chiang Kai-shek. Borodin still hoped that this treason of Feng's would bring the different elements in the Hankow government closer together. In any

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case, the next few days would indicate in what direction things were going to move, and he explained to me that he would remain in Hankow and wait for further developments.

I asked him his opinion of Chiang Kai-shek. 'He has been my friend ever since I first came to Canton, where we met four years ago,' said Borodin, 'and I could not say a bitter word against him. I believe he still thinks he is honestly fighting in behalf of the Nationalist movement. Unfortunately, he is not big enough to control all the gigantic forces that have been let loose. He has not strength enough to free China and to rule it, and many of the men around him are only seeking personal advancement. Fortunate circumstances, not military capacity, have made his march toward the North victorious, and I do not believe that he will be able to capture Peking even with the help of Feng Yu-hsiang, provided Chang Tso-lin really intends to defend the city and does not mean to throw up the game and withdraw to Manchuria.'

Concerning Feng Yu-hsiang, of whom he had seen more or less in the course of the last year, Borodin spoke very warmly, saying that Feng was the kind of man who could successfully lead an army of paupers. In spite of the feeble resources of his province, he had always been able to hold a political or military trump card somewhere in the hinterland, and he had always played it at just the moment when it redounded to his greatest advantage. This was what he was doing now.

The conversation drifted to Borodin's own work during the four years he served as the political adviser to the Canton government. 'Have you never feared,' I asked him, 'that when you had aroused millions of the Chinese proletariat with your revolutionary and Communist propaganda and brought them to rise and revolt you would unloose hell fire in China, and that this fire would destroy more of the fundamental good qualities of the country than could ever be built up again, and that perhaps this same fire would one day consume you too?'

Borodin then explained that the military leaders had had many years in which to shape the development of China and that in that time their incompetence had reduced the people to greater poverty and a more lawless state than they had ever lived in before. 'A revolution needs the coöperation of the people,' he said, 'and therefore the masses must be organized and aroused.'

'If the men with whom you have been working should leave you in the lurch,' I asked, 'and turn the situation at Nanking to their own advantage, so that you would have to leave China, would you then try to fight for a purely Communist régime to the bitter end?'

To this question Borodin replied without hesitation: 'If the Chinese leaders who have been my friends and fellow workers for four long years believe that the moment has come when they can continue their fight without my help, then I shall submit, for I have played my part and given my advice. I have no intention of fighting for Communism in China — the time is not yet ripe.'

It was growing late. An old Chinese emptied out our cups and filled them once more with fresh tea. The conversation naturally led me to ask this concluding question: 'What brought you to China of all places, and what made you stay here in spite of the dangers and difficulties in which you lived, and in spite of the fact that your policy was often almost wrecked in the sea of hatred and bitterness that had risen up around you?'

Borodin leaned back in his deep

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armchair, and the lamp standing at his side shone upon his light, loose-hanging tropical suit, his pale face, heavily lined with shadows, especially beneath the jawbone, his dark eyes, and his thin black hair. For a long time he sat lost in thought, slowly stroking his little black moustache, but finally he said in a deep, muffled voice: 'I came to China to fight for an idea. The dream of accomplishing world revolution by freeing the people of the East brought me here. But China itself, with its age-old history, its countless millions, its vast social problems, its infinite capacities, astounded and overwhelmed me, and my thoughts of world revolution gradually sank into the background. The revolution and the fight for freedom in China became an end in itself, and no longer a means to an end. My task was to grasp the situation, to start the great wheel moving, and as time has passed it has carried me along with it. I myself have become only a cog in the great machine.'

A curious stillness fell upon the room when Borodin stopped talking, for a poet and dreamer had spoken.

I had no need to ask him any more. My only reflection was that if this man was merely a sly, farsighted Bolshevist agent acting a comedy for my benefit he certainly played his rôle with genius.

I was soon seated in a ricksha rolling through the Bund, along a beautiful, wide promenade lined with business houses and banks overlooking the river that flows past Hankow. The stream reflected the lights from several big armored cruisers that the Great Powers had sent here to protect foreigners, to guard their own property, and to caution the Chinese against committing further excesses. These formed only a small part of the eighty warships that the Powers had sent to China, to say nothing of an army of about eighty thousand men with machine guns, tanks, artillery, and flying machines. For almost a year the attention of the whole world has been fixed upon China and upon the fire of revolution that spread through the land from Canton until at length on one fine day you could smell its smoke in Peking.

One man alone is answerable for all this — Borodin. His was the brain that launched the idea, that organized the propaganda, that devised the tactics, and that started the revolutionary movement going. He more than any other was the man who made the Chinese bury their private intrigues and special interests so far as was humanly possible and fight together for an idea. Without Borodin the revolutionary army would never have got far beyond Canton.

The next day all Hankow was in a state of tense excitement. Everyone seemed to be waiting for open conflict to break out between the Moderates, who were supported by certain military circles and wished to join the Nanking faction, and the Communist wing backed by the workers' organizations. The air was filled with all kinds of rumors. I was told that Feng Yu-hsiang and an army were two miles from the city and were preparing to make short shrift of all the strike and labor leaders.

A number of Englishmen were already saying that perhaps they could not play golf if trouble broke loose, and when things come to that pass in the Far East it is a crisis indeed. The expected explosion held fire, but powerful influences were at work behind the scenes fanning the flames, while others were preparing to throw water on them. Numerous members of the Russian Staff packed up their goods and departed from Hankow like rats leaving a sinking ship. And all the time Borodin was fighting his last battle, trying to prevent the Hankow government

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from breaking up, and endeavoring to stave off open conflict.

I visited him at his own invitation several times during this interesting period, in order to get his own impressions of what was going on. His influence was still so strong that he could have postponed the collapse if he had wanted to, and could have even rallied the Hankow group to buck the Nanking government. Everyone assured him, however, that it was only a question of time before he would have to leave Hankow, and when he told me that no decisive developments could be expected in the near future I returned to Shanghai again, and thence traveled to visit the Northern forces in Shantung.

The day before I left I went to say good-bye to Borodin, and he told me a number of anecdotes about his eventful life. As I was leaving I asked him what prophecy he would make regarding the future development of China in case events fell out in such a way that his own activity could still be pursued. With a peculiar mixture of resignation and sarcasm, he replied that he was afraid that the fight for China's freedom had turned into a series of compromises between a number of military leaders who were trying to get as much out of the situation as they could and to profit from the corrupt military condition into which the country had fallen during the last year.

'Thus,' concluded Borodin, 'four years of fighting and sacrifice in behalf of the revolution have been nullified. History repeats itself again. It begins as tragedy; the second time it is tragicomedy. The revolution extends to the Yangtze. If a diver were sent down to the bottom of this yellow stream he would rise again with an armful of shattered hopes.'

This resigned farewell message reflected Borodin's feelings most significantly, for his career in China was about to close. He kept on fighting a little bit longer with all his energy, trying to prevent a break-up in Hankow. At length, however, he gave it up and departed. Before he left he uttered a few words of earnest farewell to his enemy, Feng Yu-hsiang, and then took leave of China, crossing Mongolia and Siberia on his way back to Russia.

Whatever opinion one may have about his political activity in China or concerning his aims and methods, one fact remains — when Borodin disappeared, the clearest intelligence, the most important personality, and the most interesting, comprehensive figure in the Chinese revolutionary movement vanished.

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YOUNG FRANCE TO-DAY

TWO INTERPRETATIONS

YOUTH TURNS REACTIONARY[1]

THE will to power that has been manifesting itself among the younger generation during the last few years has much more chance of proving itself effective now that our youth has become realistic.

This new generation has taken stock of all the harm wrought by perilous idealism. It cherishes rancor against those ideologists that compromised our victory and permitted Germany to revive at our expense. It also wishes to hear no more talk about ready-made ideas, untested by experience, that circulate like counterfeit money from hand to hand. A large group of our young people feel the same aversion to *a priori* ideas that Napoleon did, and, if any remain who are making any sacrifices to the chimera of class equality, they form a rapidly diminishing minority. Because these young people want to be strong, they rightly believe that it is essential to see clearly what is going on about them and what is going on inside them. On these two points they are firmly decided.

The old catchwords that made the fortunes of the 1848 Republicans have been cast aside. Parliamentarianism, in so far as it grants to elected assemblies the full competence and full powers they have enjoyed during the last few years, does not attract many followers. Even those who are convinced of the usefulness of parliamentary representation — which is not the case with all adherents, either Right or Left — believe that it should be confined to a purely regulating process; they deny it the right to govern. In short, the parliamentary régime finds little favor. The whole country is weary of the turbulent and frivolous impotence of deputies who are only capable of negative action. Even political etiquette makes no more sense. Most young people have detached themselves from every party that merely represents pooled interests and ignores national needs. Socialism has given way to Communism and syndicalism, since they seem more direct and more effective. On the other hand, we also witness an incontestable growth of royalism, for royalty built France and made a good job of it.

Then, too, many people consider the dogma of equality on which the Republic is founded an illusion, inapplicable to real problems. Well schooled in the natural sciences, the young people are almost unanimously convinced that there is no such thing as equality, either in human society or in the world of nature. In fact, universal equal suffrage sounds like nonsense to many of our contemporaries. Nowadays even this subject is publicly debated, whereas a short time ago everyone bowed down before it, as to some holy, intangible institution.

It is no longer considered worth while to sacrifice public interest to the idea of liberty — especially when public interest demands the suppression of

[1] By Paul Gaultier, in *Le Correspondant* (Paris Liberal Catholic semimonthly), *October* 10

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liberty, as has recently happened in Italy, and as occurred in all other countries during the war. Both on the Right and on the Left, to use parliamentary phrases, liberalism is in its death throes. On every hand it is being reproached with having bred disorder by favoring the most frantic forms of individualism, and even of license. Those of our contemporaries who have organized themselves effectively in support of national grandeur and a moral and economic policy have nothing but contempt for liberty. According to them, it is the cause of all our woes. The fact is that liberty has been pretty well suppressed since 1914, and the more it has been suppressed the more pleased we have been. The youth of our country has sold it for a song; while in Spain, Italy, and Russia it has been completely annihilated. We have entered an era of force in which people refuse to live within the limits imposed by some other person's idea of liberalism. Everywhere liberalism is on the wane. The dogma of the freedom of man that Rousseau put into circulation has seen its day. The Great War, together with a more profound knowledge of history, has dealt the final blow.

In the light of the German atrocities, fraternity, a name that figures on the base of so many of our monuments, has also lost much of its prestige, and we do not believe in it any more.

To sum up: pressure of events, unpleasant experience during the war, the necessity of sacrificing one's self for the benefit of all, have shattered those rights of man and those rights of the citizen that the Revolution bequeathed to us. It has even got to the point where the right of property as defined in the civil code is being contested. Of the ancient *jus utendi et abutendi* we only retain the right of use or the right to usufruct; and some, like the Communists, even go so far as to concede everything to everybody. Nowadays property is considered much more social than individual. But how could things be different at a time when human lives can be requisitioned for the safety of the country? Why should property be the one exception? But individualists and political conceptions tend to become collective. Societies, under the influence of sociology and the tragic events that we have witnessed, appear to many of us the only real thing in the world.

Most young people cannot be too sarcastic at the expense of the kind of pacifism that imagines peace to be the natural thing, whereas in reality it is the exceptional, since it does not correspond to the nature of things. They were able to take stock of this idea during and after the war, and now that they have opened their eyes they are observing, behind the big words and the fine protestations of friendship, that all nations are at war, actively or passively, economically or politically. And because these young people are practical, they have determined to turn this state of affairs to their advantage. They feel that humanitarianism contradicts its own ends, whereas reality teaches them that the will to peace is not enough, and that the desire for it is even less effective. What one must do is to put one's self in a position to repel aggressions. They know that a society incapable of defending itself is lost, that it will fall prey to the designs of covetous foreigners, just as weakness in some vital spot encourages malefactors to turn against honest men.

Determined not to be beguiled by fairy stories, the younger generation look reality in the face. They have decided to talk turkey, and to resolve by themselves and for themselves the different problems that our epoch pre-

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sents, and this explains the manifest disaffection for absolute forms of parliamentary phraseology, such as we are observing in every class at the present time.

More and more, public opinion is perceiving that fine oratorical periods are not followed by effective action, and that oratory even turns against itself. Youth is tired of grandiloquent, sterile agitation. It demands reforms, and first of all demands that the government actually govern. In order to do that, the Chambers must be prevented from constantly obstructing important decisions.

Realistic youth has turned itself toward practical affairs. It demands results. Perhaps it goes a little too far in its reaction against the business of words. Many young people deliberately turn their back on ideas and on disinterested research, only to occupy themselves with the very thing that this research and these ideas are concerned with. This explains the poverty of their conversation. We know many of them who are capable in mechanical matters but cannot utter a sentence of ten words, much less express an opinion. If this is Americanism, we may well say that modern youth is Americanized.

Thus the old-time idealism has given place to a just appreciation of realities. Not only are young men and many girls working to-day, but most of them are only applying themselves to activities that 'pay.' These new practices have made themselves felt in literature, art, and science. Unlike their fathers, who considered money a filthy reward for spiritual work, our young people are commercializing their efforts and drawing the greatest possible profit from them.

It is hardly surprising that gallantry, and even politeness, suffer somewhat from these new practices. It is only too true that more and more young people whom we meet nowadays only seem to have time for automatic, hurried gestures, and do not embarrass themselves with vain, courteous formulas, or 'salaams,' as they call them. One must move fast, and in the right direction. Moreover, as women are becoming more and more masculine, they are treated less and less as if they were precious or highly respectable. Even in good society, hasty manners, quite different from the old-time deference, are all the mode. The world of affairs grants no special favors to a sex that has entered business, and even sport, with masculine methods. Perhaps virtue is the gainer. These new arrivals are less given to the sentimental complications described by Bourget or to the voluptuous refinements so dear to Maurice Barrès. Less cultivated and less romantic, — in fact, not cultivated or romantic at all, — they are often much saner. Their frank manner is for the most part innocent. Nothing would be more unjust than to judge their behavior by standards that have been more or less destroyed by the lively literature that they enjoy and champion.

Freed of old-fashioned prejudices, these young people may have a more summary view than their elders, but it is very penetrating. I certainly do not pretend that there is not a good deal of exaggeration in their desire not to admire what they are told to admire, and in their refusal to conform to conventional etiquette. Pitilessly they take the measure of the great men of yesterday and of to-day. Their iconoclastic fury bears witness, not only to their youthfulness, but to their dislike of false celebrity and the trappings of false grandeur. They refuse to be deceived by mere noise, and now that we have just emerged from a cataclysm all problems are referred to their con-

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sciences. Along with the false reputations that have been rudely uncovered, they have not feared to demolish a number of legitimate reputations as well. How many grandiloquent, empty formulas they have shown up, and how many political windbags they have punctured! Thanks to them, we are witnessing the collapse of a tremendous number of ideals.

Eager, violent, and frequently unjust in their destruction, the young people of to-day are none the less carrying on a useful work of reassessment, a necessary revision of values. Too many illusions, too many chimeras, too many fake celebrities and impressive fallacies, are blockading the road that our country's reconstruction must follow, and we cannot but be grateful to them for an indispensable piece of work, unless we ourselves wish to perish, victims of the mistakes of the past.

For new situations new energies are required, and new men must meet new conditions. This does not mean that the whole past must be thrown overboard, but simply that it has left behind it a certain amount of deadwood that threatens to check the rising tide of life.

FATHERS AND CHILDREN [2]

LAST month the great English educator, Mr. Brereton, who has done so much for French culture in his native country, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an interesting article on the present generation in England. He explained there that the essential character of this generation was its horror of all authority, and he described in particular the complete transformation of family life in England during the last twenty years. Perhaps it would be interesting to ask ourselves if we observe a parallel movement in France, and likewise to seek for the causes of any changes we may find.

Fifty years ago children in England were brought up under the régime of absolute monarchy. 'Little children should be seen and not heard' was a sacred axiom. In many Puritan families this monarchy was based on a theocracy, and we must read Sir Edmund Gosse's beautiful and terrible book, *Father and Son*, if we would understand a severity that few French families could equal. The parents of the next generation gradually changed into constitutional sovereigns, and the children enjoyed many rights and were restrained by fewer duties. To-day, however, the father has sunk to the rôle of powerless king in his own house. During the vacations his children often receive friends whom the parents do not know. The parents, in their turn, are familiarly called 'Pop' and 'Mom,' whereas the previous generation used to say 'Father' and 'Mother,' and the one before that 'Sir.' 'All this results,' said Mr. Brereton, 'in the total abdication of the parents. If there is any such thing as family education left, it is the education of the parents by the children.'

Do we offer the same spectacle? In our country, as in England, the little automobile has become the symbol and the means of independence for some young man or some young lady, or for some young man *and* some young lady. In conversation as in business, in household affairs as in literature, the younger generation has seized an authority that it was far from enjoying either in 1850 or in 1900. Only careers of slow advancement, such as the army and politics, remain in the hands of the older generations. We are tending, like England, to become a bureaucracy of youth, but with us the transformation is being executed with less violence be-

[2] By André Maurois, in *Le Figaro* (Paris Radical Party daily), *October* 9.

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cause the system we are abandoning is less hard.

What are the causes of this triumph of youth? People generally say the war. Certainly the war has given very young men, almost children, the prestige of courage, while on the other hand many families who were deprived of their natural chief for four years have bred an independent generation accustomed to direct life for itself and impatient of any restraints. I believe, however, that there is a more profound historical cause, whose effects would have been felt about the same time even if the war had not occurred.

The nineteenth century was marked by an astonishing succession of scientific discoveries. The beginning of the twentieth will, I believe, strike the historians of the future as marking the entrance of science into our daily life. Since 1860 a thousand novelties have transformed the life of the individual, but at first most of these novelties were run for the public benefit by specialists. A father of a family who took the train with his seven children did not need to know how to stoke the engine or how to repair a broken bolt. On the other hand, after 1900, what with the automobile, the little electric motor, and eventually the radio, science penetrated the domestic hearth and an all-round specialist became indispensable in every household. The mechanic and the engineer rode on the crest of the wave.

At the same time a certain cleavage appeared in many families between two types of culture — a distinction that gradually increased. The French bourgeois father, and, I believe, many members of the English aristocracy and upper middle class, possessed a literary culture. They looked upon machines as dirty, unintelligible objects which one entrusted to the care of a man in blue overalls. But suddenly the machine, in the form of the automobile and the telephone, burst into their houses. They had to make use of it and continue to ignore it at the same time. The machine, however, refused to be ignored. When this happened, it either became necessary to put these powers into the hands of a specialist, who went under the name of chauffeur, or else to resign one's self to sitting out in the rain contemplating a hostile, enigmatic motor. A number of the men of fifty and even sixty adapted themselves to the situation, but most of them were incapable of doing so.

It was at this time that a son of twenty, or even of sixteen, would come gently to their aid, murmuring: 'Let me drive, Papa. Of course I know how! That motor — why, it's nothing. A broken spark plug — we'll just change it. Those antennæ — do you want them fixed? I'll rig up a frame for you. The motor? It needs to be overhauled ten minutes every day.'

At first the fathers were hostile, but they soon recognized that all this was true, that their sons knew what they were talking about, for they had been born during the mechanical era and looked upon the machine as a tame, domestic animal. Naturally these fathers were a little jealous, rather proud, very grateful, and, with good grace or ill, they abdicated. Since then the children have taken charge of all expeditions and trips. Often they direct the whole life of the family, because the sudden transformation in human existence that has been wrought by a rapid succession of discoveries finds them more adapted to meet the change.

To this psychological condition an economic cause is added. In many workers' families the old father — perhaps, say, a weaver, or a day laborer — is amazed at the salary his son re-

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ceives as a mechanic or his daughter as a stenographer; and in bourgeois families, too, the economic dependence of the children has declined. Less attracted by so-called liberal careers, in which one makes one's living late in life, they are going into more difficult lines of work where they become independent while still very young. Many girls are accepting the idea of making their living if they do not marry, and even if they do. Furthermore, the inflation has reduced inherited fortunes by about four fifths, thereby handicapping middle age and helping the young man who is just starting out in life.

An exact psychology of the younger generation must take these economic factors into account.

Should we lament the old days and the passing of absolute power from the hands of the parents? I believe that regret is always vain; one must merely try to understand. If the new independence of youth largely arises from its prestige, let us try to reënforce our own. The authority of the father of the family will always be almost exactly proportional to his real value. Our sons will discover soon enough that life raises as delicate problems as driving automobiles does. If we reveal ourselves as capable of solving such problems, perhaps they will slowly resume the habit of asking our advice.

A POET IS DEAD[1]

BY GEORGES DUHAMEL

It was twenty years ago, and for months on end Jules Romains had been talking to us about Chennevière, whom we already loved without knowing him. We were insolent young people in those days. What we demanded in a friend was not only a straight eye, a firm hand, and an open heart, but also a fraternal understanding of the world similar to ours. We wanted someone like ourselves, consumed with the same human fervor, nursed on the same milk, and raised on the same hopes. And what else did we ask? That he love as we loved, that he admire our chosen masters, musicians, and poets, and, above all and beyond all, that he should add to the concert of our voices some faintly unfamiliar accent. We demanded all that and we demanded a great many things more in those days.

When Chennevière finally arrived he at once became our friend. I still remember those conversations, full of prudence and a secret anxiety, in which we exchanged our impressions of all that was new. 'Well, what do you think of him?' 'I liked him tremendously.' 'Me, too!' 'Both of us!' 'It's amazing.'

Chennevière was hardly twenty-five at the time. He had a good figure; ample but not stout, and he carried himself well. It is hardly necessary to say that he was as poor as the rest of us. But there was something neat and dignified in his bearing — no negli-

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *October* 15

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gence, and no affectation. A full, pale face, — some days very pale, — a black moustache, and abundant black hair. Could even an excited person pass him by without noticing his appearance? Perhaps. But Chennevière had a look of his own; and now that Chennevière has gone, I maintain that this look is still here, that it will always remain among us, a liquid flame, sombre yet luminous. Something about it challenges and arrests you. It grips you, and often seems to suffer, palpitate, die, revive, and disappear again. Tears, laughter, and serenity follow upon each other's heels.

Ni la sueur, ni la poussière,
Ni la vermine, ni la boue,
Ne souillèrent ce sanctuaire
Où brûle le feu véritable.

(Neither sweat nor dust,
Neither vermin nor mud
Sullied that sanctuary
Where the real fire burned.)

It was much later, during the war, that he wrote those verses, in a subterranean passage by candlelight. No matter — the real fire had burned ever since the first day we saw him.

At the time we made his acquaintance Chennevière had just written *Printemps*, a long dramatic poem, new in every sense of the word. We read it in manuscript, but it did not appear until 1911. For the honor of literature I hope that a definitive edition of it will be published. If you happen to own this book, open it this evening, and you will encounter in the noble candor of its author all the ambitions of our youth. When the poem was published I wrote a review of it for *Vers et Prose*, which I have just reread. It ended with the following words, which express fairly well what this work signified to us at the time: 'I am sure that after a simple man has finished *Printemps* he will feel the need of touching the first object he sees with love, of looking some human face in the eye, of saying some words of consolation, of searching for any wrongs he may have done and of trying to discover if they are irremediable.'

Among all those images so dear to the nineteenth century, the misunderstood poet always moved romantic spirits the most. Because Chennevière suffered, because he had to fight upstream against a rigorous, absurd, and often tragic destiny, because he has died in full maturity — I was about to say in the blossom of his youth — without having enjoyed the glory that his work deserves and that our century owes him, one is tempted to place him among the company of unfortunate geniuses who turned away from human kind and from human life when their genius was not on the wing. It would be a great mistake and a great injustice to say this of our friend, almost all of whose work I have just reread. In solitude and retirement I am going to classify a part of my correspondence with him, for it throws pure light on the world of friendship in which we dwelt. No poet ever uttered from the depths of his sadness more fervent appeals for joy, no soul ever desired peace and smiling serenity more than he. With him we are far from disorder, fanaticism, dramatic Bohemians, blasphemies, and injurious defiance. His work is sane in all its parts, frank, and competent. His sad life was sane and right, also. Even at the moment of deepest distress Chennevière had his refuge — the love of his family, his son and the woman he had chosen from among all others.

To friendship as well as love he dedicated himself and his work, and he never despaired when everything seemed against him. No one could foretell the future better than he, although it seemed to be sown with hatred and blood. When a child was born, no one

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could greet it with more moving, more confident words. Is it, then, his fault if events have conspired to bring about his defeat, to wreck his projects. Is his sense of shame, sometimes amounting to an obsession, damnable? Must we blame this honest, almost fanatical, man if he thought it was improper to solicit his due and if he pretended to make himself heard without speaking any louder than the people around him? And last of all, what did all those slings and arrows of outrageous fortune signify to him? He lowered his head, murmuring through his tears: —

Nous serons près les uns des autres
Tout près; on chantera, on rira, on boira . . .
J'irai avec vous. Je ne suis pas un étranger.
Dites, je vous ressemble et j'ai besoin de joie.

(We shall be near and close to one another,
Near altogether. We 'll sing, we 'll laugh, we 'll drink . . .
I shall go with you. I am not a stranger.
Surely I look like you, and I have need of joy.)

This marvelous need of joy, as we knew it and loved it in him, blossomed during the springtime of our friendship, the period of lyric promenades. We were all restrained by certain pecuniary limitations, and a day of liberty would find us in the open air, praising each other. A day to ourselves! Quick! our hats! our canes! and we would walk through our native Paris, a city already powerful but not yet stale, and it enchanted us. We swung down long streets together, side by side, intoxicated with our communion of friendship. We were indifferent to nothing, but poetry, music, and art were our ultimate treasures, our dearest inheritance. 'Do you remember that lovely poem?' 'Yes, we will read it this evening again together.'

Chennevière's soul was sensitive to music, and discerning too. We spent hours and hours singing all sorts of fine songs together. 'Just listen to that tenor! Do you hear it?' 'Yes, but hear that bass!'

These lively orgies would conclude with an evening spent in devouring a cold meal and reading aloud in raised voices certain passages that delighted our tender souls. We were happier than children at the play. Shakespeare made us weep with laughter; Claudel filled us with pride. I can indeed say that our souls and our books were enough to make us happy, and we led the poet's life.

At that time Chennevière was working on his collection of poems that he finished during the war and that Adrienne Monnier published. He also composed his first play, and worked on stories too, for, like the rest of us, he was consumed by a desire to be a complete writer and to play on all the strings of his lyre. Had n't his first work shown something more than pure lyric gift? Surely he was a great and well-rounded poet, even in his earliest songs.

Then came the war. Men of my age could not write anything without hearing the noise of that lugubrious deception in their ears. All our stories were interrupted in the middle, cleft in two by this frightful hatchet-blow. At this time a new Chennevière was born. He was many things that a man does not dare to say even in the enthusiasms of friendly conversation, but how he could write when he found himself alone with his memories, crushed like a hunted stag!

This proud soul, remote and solitary, suddenly lost all its reserve in the hour of mortal menace; it delivered itself and abandoned itself. And how great it was! It will never cease to astonish us.

I cannot tell everything to-day. I have given my word to announce the name of Chennevière to the world, and

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not to comment on him or to render him anything more than my own solemn homage. You will find the war in Chennevière's writings, in his poems, some of which were sung in a low voice of restrained passion. Others were inflamed with a more vigorous anger. Some day his letters will be found to contain a story of the conscience of our entire epoch. They will deserve an eminent place in the world of literature.

My own account will have to follow broad outlines, however, and will not mention all the brutally lacerating experiences that this sensitive soul endured. He was wounded after a few engagements, and his recovery proved painful. Returning to the front, he suffered agony every minute, while at home his little son lay sick in the hospital. His dear wife, the companion of all his joys and sorrows, gradually grew exhausted, and finally she fell sick, too. Chennevière had two brothers. One of them died in the war, and the other perished later under no less tragic circumstances. His solitude grew greater and heavier from year to year.

Nevertheless, Chennevière was able to rally his resources. It was a miracle, but he kept on working, and in October 1917 wrote to me: 'Since the war broke out new experiences have justified and fortified within me certain fundamental ideas that only demanded proof. The result is that now my work lies before me and I have only to write it down. I am just ending the *Chant du verger et le chant de jeudi*, having finished the *Chant de midi* and the *Chant du grand jour*.' It is hardly necessary to add that Chennevière was a simple soldier and that while he was at the front he remained almost unknown, or rather misunderstood, by the people around him. Yet he retained his faith, and became a great poet.

All this suffering did not exhaust his generous soul; it merely bared and intensified it. Peace did not bring all the joy that was expected; too many more anxieties, and too many miserable cares, followed. Hope, ever reviving in his breast, was thwarted all too often, yet he raised his pure voice in song on the silent air. It was a bitter period. Men are perhaps not all that one might wish they were. His smile hesitated, then died on his emaciated face. His chin dropped until it sank to his breast. His eyes were lost in an inner abyss. Something was agitating him, tearing him asunder. 'Let me alone, I beg of you, if only for an instant,' he seemed to say. And we departed on tiptoe. He possessed the genius of solitude.

I can still see him, seated among his books. His pipe has just gone out, and he is lost in motionless reflection. The last traces of day are disappearing in the little square court where his dreams have been evaporating for years now. Will he light the lamp? No, not yet. Silence. In the neighboring room his wife and son are talking with hushed voices. Their noise cannot disturb him. Yet they always permeate his flesh and blood; in his solitude they are with him.

But all the time his work is growing and growing, in spite of obstacles, in spite of suffering, and in spite of the eager newspapers that seize from us every day a little of our most precious intimate self. Chennevière is one of those who do conscientiously whatever they undertake.

Occasionally the smile returns, and even the frank, hearty laugh. They are happy in that house, the three of them. And then there are friends, too. A look, a glance, works like a charm, and, behold, the friends have come. We still know how to sing. What is better for the heart than music?

In the train that bore Chennevière and me to Warsaw we sang our favorite

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pieces all day long — sonatas, quartettes, and symphonies. With what hope we departed, and we sang as we did in the finest of the old days. And if we were not able to sing on the way back, it was because we had really grown up too much and our naïve hopes had been too severely wounded.

More months and days. 'To-morrow Monday. To-morrow Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.' Like the song of the poor prostitute in *Printemps*. Then sickness, suddenly.

The disease had been announced in advance, but it arrived overnight. One morning I saw Chennevière — anxious, restless, but still healthy. Twenty-four hours later I found him in the hospital room whither he had been carried, and I could not help feeling that he was mortally ill. 'Now that my examination is over,' he says, 'shall I die once more?' He speaks in this way because he is one of those men who for years have seen death every day and know it well. He is not afraid. His look questions me unwaveringly. He is my friend; he is strong. Or, rather, he is a poet who has not yet said everything that he ought to say. He is a man who wishes to live. By the love I have for those two people whose anguished breathing I feel behind me, I know my rôle, and I prepare to lie. I do so. Chennevière smiles once more.

He who sang in such heart-rending tones of the sorrow and death of others must suffer for more than two long months. Suddenly he gives up the ghost and disappears from us forever. It is summer. Almost all our old friends have gone away, weary of waiting. Solitude abides until the supreme moment.

Is this really what I have wanted to say? No, certainly not. But what, then?

Charlotte Chennevière, André Chennevière, and I discovered many papers and manuscripts written in his marvelously clear, thin hand. Not counting his correspondence, these include six or seven volumes — verses, theatrical material, essays, and stories. Scarcely half of it has been published, and we set ourselves to copying it every day.

Surely he will not die, for his work remains among us. But it is hard to think that the man himself has disappeared, torn himself away so soon. I quote again that verse from *Printemps:* —

Un de plus aura bégayé en vain,
Un de plus aura donné son cœur.
Un de plus mourra, bouche close sur son rêve.
Un de plus aura tutoyé tout l'inconnu,
Simplement pour avoir moins peur
Et par grand besoin de caresse.

(One more will have lisped in vain,
One more will have given his heart,
One more will die, his mouth closed on his dream.
One more will have known the whole unknown,
Simply to have less fear,
And because he needed caressing.)

Once more the odor of the world about us has changed. Chennevière is the first who has gone his way — not killed with an absurd bullet during the war, like you, Doucet, our brave brother, but called. Yea, called by the mysterious voice that we shall all of us hear, each in his turn.

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A NIGHT IN HUNGARY[1]

BY JERRARD TICKELL

Not many kilometres southwest of Lake Balaton — that long expanse of blue water set in the great Hungarian plain, from which comes the *fogas*, the delicious fish beloved of the Central European epicure — is the town of Kaposvár. One may say that Kaposvár is a town essentially Hungarian. This is more of a rarity than it might appear, for many of the Hungarian towns — even those in the 'deep plains' — have a floating population of Germans, Austrians, Slovaks, and occasionally Rumanians. The 'minority' problem is particularly acute in this country, which has always extended its hospitality to foreigners. There are whole towns, not ten miles from Budapest, in which the only language spoken is German and in which Magyar is imperfectly understood — a very decisive reply to a charge of intolerance.

The Casino or Club in Kaposvár stands a little to the back of the town among the more imposing residences. The snowy napery of a long table in the dining-room was lit with candles and sparkled with beautifully polished silver. The table decorations consisted of several green bottles of Tokay, a few inches apart. There were eight diners, the sexes equally represented. At the head of the table sat István, a young Hungarian who had achieved some distinction as an air pilot. Facing him was a tall, lean man, an ex-Hussar officer, red-faced, and, strangely enough, rather improved by a sabre-cut that extended across one cheek. It was a relic of an encounter with a troop of Cossacks early in the late war.

One begins. A crab soup, in which were floating lobster shells, was followed by two enormous fogas, silver colored, and almost drowned in parsley. A white wine, bone dry and yellow amber in its glass, gave point to the excellence of this noble fish. Glasses were refilled the moment they were set down, and one clinked all round before each sip. Chicken, cooked in paprika, the famous Hungarian sweet pepper, was now brought in with potatoes and rice. One takes up the bones in one's fingers. Always the waiter was behind one's chair with the ever-ready bottle. Conversation flowed and increased. Everybody spoke German in deference to a foreigner. The Wiener Schnitzel was delicious, as were the little sweet cakes that followed it. Turkish coffee was served, — thick, black, sweet coffee, — and liqueur. The latter quite deserves a paragraph to itself.

Surely Hungarian peach brandy is the most delicious liqueur in the world. It is palest gold. Its bouquet is faint and recurring, and there is something of the drowsy smell of a peach orchard. One thinks of peaches warm in the sun, ripe, soft, luscious. Then one takes a sip. It is like sipping sunshine.

István, at the head of the table, began to tell a story about the Communist reign in Budapest. The sabre-slashed Hussar capped it with another. He had been in Admiral Horthy's 'White Army.' The ladies shivered ecstatically.

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *August* 21

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More wine passed. The conversation became more general and then lagged. A waiter came over and whispered to István, who smiled and nodded. Everybody joined in asking what he had said. István smiled. 'The Czigánes [gypsies] are outside. They would like to play for us. We will make an amusement.'

The door opened and the gypsies came in — four swarthy black-coated men, two with fiddles, one with a cello, and the last with a peculiar stringed instrument set on four legs something like a table. They all bowed, murmured their '*Csókólom a Kesét*' (I kiss your hand), and arranged their chairs. They had no music. The *Primás* (leader), his brown eyes smiling in his sun-blackened face, his long-fingered, slim hands cuddling his instrument, stepped forward. 'What would the honorable people like? A Hungarian melody? Yes.' He would play a song of the plains he had made himself. He hoped it would please.

Very slowly, his eyes half closed, he began to play. It was indeed a song of the plains, slow, patient, and sad, a very melody that might have grown out of those vast unbroken solitudes and the setting sun. One could almost see the stark, dim distances and the long-horned white oxen turning up the sweet-smelling black earth. It was in a minor key. A song a thousand years old, as old as the plains themselves. One began to wonder if enchantment and sadness were ever very far away from Hungary; one felt strangely sympathetic and one with these Magyars, so near to us and yet so far away; one dreamed a little.

Then, all in a moment, the violin was laughing to the tickling lilt of a Viennese waltz. One smiled and rubbed one's eyes. István began to sing very softly — '*Wien, Wien, nur Du allein*'; the Hussar beat time with a coffee spoon. The whole atmosphere was in an instant changed. One wondered what had made one realize so poignantly the sadness of the plains a moment before. Now gay frocks, laughing faces, gorgeous uniforms, seemed to move in a motley. The melody drifted into an English fox-trot, and again István sang, 'Who stole my heart away?'

A waiter brought wine to the gypsies, and they bowed with much clicking of heels as they drank our health. 'A Csárdás — play a Csárdás,' demanded one of the ladies. The Primás set down his wineglass and took up his fiddle. All rose.

The Csárdás is the Hungarian national dance. It is danced more with the body than with the feet, the woman holding the man's shoulders while he holds her waist. The music begins slowly, and both sway their bodies in time, making jerking movements of the knees. As the music gets quicker, so do the movements. It is working up to a climax, getting every moment wilder and louder. Then the violin changes into a shrill, echoing march, and the four couples, laughing and singing, swing round and round, swaying backward and forward. A long, low note, and it is over. Glasses are once more emptied and refilled. Still the gypsies played on always, untired, changing with bewildering suddenness from one theme to another, while the guests sipped their wine and chatted. A fox-trot was danced, and then a Charleston! It was all most amusing.

István, half lying back in his chair, his eyes a little drowsy, called over the ever-smiling gypsy leader and asked him to play 'something English.' The man thought a moment, and then, raising his bow, began 'God Save the King.' Half laughing, the one Englishman present rose. The effect was electrical — in a moment the seven

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Hungarians were on their feet and standing stiffly to attention, all laughter gone from their faces. It was a truly Hungarian compliment. With the last notes they sat down again, laughing and chattering as if nothing out of the way had happened.

The candles were already burning low, and yet one seemed to lose all count of time. Another Csárdás followed, and a new wine was brought in. The gypsies began another song of the plains. It was very sad. The room was dim with cigarette smoke.

A waiter pulled up the blind and opened a window. A little wind came in and fluttered the candles. Morning sunshine flooded the room. Outside a yoke of white oxen squelched by, their long horns clanking together. The driver, sheepskin-coated and fur-capped, shouted and cracked a six-foot lashed whip. From the market place came a confused shouting. A clock ticked on the wall, its hands pointing to twenty past eight.

THE PARIS AUTOMOBILE SHOW[1]

BY JEAN CALLOT

It seems to me that an automobile show ought to have a little corner reserved for leaflets that would give one an idea of the general conditions of the automobile market. By compiling graphs and exact statistics one would be familiarized with the production method of every country, the proportion of imports and exports, customs duties, the number of licenses given in the past year, and so forth. Nothing of the kind can be found at the Paris show.

It is extraordinary how many people understand mechanics. Men of thirty-five speak casually of connecting rods, cranks, cylinders, and carburetors with an apparent competence that impresses a mere tyro like myself. I listen and admire, feeling the same sensation that I experience when women begin talking about clothes. Discussing kasha cloth, plucked opossum, fancy needlework, and pleated skirts, they sound as if they were talking a foreign language, but apparently understand each other perfectly.

The automobile show arouses in me an elemental and profound admiration. All this mechanism is designed to discover the best way of capturing a loud explosion, muffling it, domesticating it, and transforming it into the gentle, powerful hum that marks the passage of an automobile. My brothers, the mere men, and my superbrothers, the engineers, all seem to belong to the same race, and are proud of it.

A good-looking chassis is a thing of beauty. Its lines are supple, pure, and harmonious; they give the real sensation of art. The steel itself is so flexible and brilliant that it has lost its cruel aspect and seems clothed with new gentleness. And when you think of the infinite research, the innumerable ef-

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *October* 15

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forts, whose final results are spread before you, when you consider the inventor's despair and then the joy with which he discovers the formula he has been searching for day and night, you cannot help experiencing a genuine emotion.

In so far as I am authorized to have an opinion, it seems to me that the gasoline engine used in automobiles to-day is capable of further improvement. People will continue to perfect its details, to make it more supple, more quiet, more comfortable. But we can hardly expect a mechanical revolution.

Such a revolution can only come with a change of principle — with the invention of a practical electric automobile, for instance. Using the present formula, it is probable that for the next ten years automobiles will not be very different from what they are now, and the models of 1928 do not differ essentially from those of 1914.

The chief characteristics of the 1928 models are as follows: an increase of six-cylinder cars capable of smoother running and of fewer changes of speed, improved air-filters on the carburetors, improved filters for the gasoline and oil, and central lubricating systems that oil all working parts. I noticed one automobile where the whole mechanism — transmission, engine, and gasoline tank — was up in front under the hood. The front wheels not only steered the machine; they propelled it. The rear wheels provided no power. I do not express any opinion of this novelty; experience will test its value.

Very light machines of the cycle-car variety seem to be disappearing. Some still exist for sports and speed lovers, but in general these little cars are being enlarged and are evolving in the direction of a regular automobile. This fact gives me some pleasure, because I prophesied in these pages some time ago that the vogue for very light machines would not last. To make automobile construction dependent on a financial whim — for these cars were designed to avoid high taxes — is an absurd mechanical principle.

But the prophet's part is risky. Three or four years ago I remarked: 'All these little makes of automobiles will not survive. They defy common sense. Where will all these firms get the money to study new models, to develop them, and then find a sufficient clientele? Such companies will be eaten out of house and home.'

To-day I vacillate, for this year there are more makes than ever. I still ask the same question without getting a satisfactory response, and I investigate further.

'They are having a hard time,' someone told me. 'In France we are content with a little. Some of these firms are growing rapidly. Others are being bought up. This results in combinations. It is a fast game, but the meagre results obtained are out of all proportion to the ingenuity that has produced them.'

I believed him readily. In America there are forty-seven different kinds of automobiles, and their number is decreasing. On the programme of our automobile show I counted seventy-seven different makes of French automobiles. How can they all prosper?

Most of them will survive another year, and new ones will be born; we are merely witnessing a lamentable waste of intelligence and energy. The automobile industry can never prosper by defying the great modern law of concentration. Cheap automobiles require highly developed standardization, and the only justification for the little firms is that they prevent the big firms from acquiring a monopoly — obviously the little ones are not able to deliver equal quality for the same

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price. The salvation of the French automobile business depends on an alliance of manufacturers and on certain vital economies of manufacture,

The most remarkable aspect of the show was the great number of foreign firms represented. They included nearly one third of the exhibiters of complete chassis and touring cars. German machines were displayed for the first time.

From the point of view of mechanical progress, these shows are certainly useful, for they furnish ideas, if not systems. For instance, direct lighting from the storage battery seems to be finding favor again. Although it was a French invention, it was developed by Americans, and returns to us this year. The magneto, on the other hand, has been perfected in Germany.

In 1922 and 1923 some splendid bodies were exhibited at the Paris show. The Americans studied them, perfected them, and are to-day sending us bodies that are supposed to represent 'French taste.' To the outsider, however, our 'French' bodies would seem to have been inspired by America. But it all really goes to show that everyone is progressing together.

The fundamental, burning question that you hear everyone repeating runs as follows: 'What do the foreigners expect to get out of Paris? How do they hope to sell their machines?' France leads Europe in the quantity of her automobile production. In quality she rivals, and probably even excels, the very best produced by her competitors. Furthermore, automobiles are incredibly cheap, for they are one of the few commodities whose price has not been affected by the drop in the value of money. On top of this, French automobiles are protected by a duty of forty-five per cent ad valorem, based on the cost price of the automobile and the price of shipping and transport. Americans estimate that the customs duty and the luxury tax represent a sixty-three-per-cent increase on the factory price.

How, then, can foreigners compete with us?

The truth is that European countries cannot hope to do a great deal of business here. Even if we were to admit, although we cannot prove, that many are able to produce automobiles cheaper than we can, the difference in price would never make up for the customs duties. European automobiles made outside of France always sell much higher in France than French cars of the same type and of equal quality. Moreover, when the exchange is unfavorable to us, as is the case with Italy, England, Germany, and Spain, our manufacturers are virtually guaranteed against competition.

Certain elements, however, must be reckoned with. Some purchasers want a type of car that French industry does not produce, while others are seduced by a mechanical perfection, or are appealed to on snobbish grounds and prefer a foreign make no matter what the price may be. Foreign manufacturers also persuade customers to evade the customs duties on their automobiles by not having a fixed domicile in France and by bringing the machine back to the country of its origin within a year. This is the principle of temporary admission, and on this basis the customs duty is refunded. The diplomats — a not very enormous, but an interesting clientele — are also exempt from customs duties. But, after all, this cannot cut into the French market seriously.

The great menace to the European automobile industry, including the French industry, is America. I can see our manufacturers' faces fall at this point. Perhaps it is significant that the most popular American automobile

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was not represented at the Paris show this year. Was it discouraged by the success — and may we add the excellence? — of popular French makes? They say that 'he' is preparing a new six-cylinder car. Surely he will do a big business in our country. Let us wait and see.

The sudden unexpected competition among our expensive and medium-priced cars has proved real and useful. Then, too, the automobiles that come to us from across the Atlantic seem to me, although I am not a competent judge, very beautiful. Our manufacturers also recognize the fact. What explains the Americans' success? Are they sorcerers? Not at all. But they have a number of trump cards.

In the first place, their production is confined to a certain number of standardized types. Although their country is the size of all Europe, they have, as we know, many fewer different makes of automobile than we. Furthermore, the manufacturer of each make produces only one type. Economy is the obvious result. Besides this, their production is intensely concentrated and carried out on a large scale. This superiority they will continue to maintain over Europe, because their manufacturers have a market that Europeans will never enjoy — at least not for a long time.

Let us take, for instance, three popular types of American automobiles, costing three hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars. In France the same machines would sell for from twenty to fifty thousand francs. The average salary of an American worker is one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and the acquisition of the cheapest automobile, therefore, represents the value of two months' work. In France the average worker's salary is about thirty francs a day — let us say one thousand francs a month. Such a man would therefore have to work for twenty months in order to buy an automobile, and as a result our clientele is enormously limited. One has to make at least three thousand francs a month to afford the cheapest kind of automobile, and even this is only theoretically possible, and the price of such a car would represent seven months' work. How many people can take such a risk? Not many; and consequently the number of people in our country who buy automobiles for pleasure is very limited.

The proportion of possible purchasers of a superior type of automobile is even greater in America than it is in France. Under present economic conditions, medium-priced and high-priced cars cannot enjoy anything like the same demands in Europe that they do in America. Our high-priced and medium-priced cars are admirable machines, mechanically perfect, and designed in good taste. Yet they are the very ones that the Americans are competing with most successfully this year.

How can they do it? They claim that superior organization, standardization, and quantity production are the answer. This is right, at any rate on the third point. Even their least-production factories turn out from one hundred and seventy to two hundred thousand machines a year, and under these conditions they can obviously manufacture more cheaply than we. But is it possible that the difference is sufficient to cover the fifty-per-cent tax with which the Americans are handicapped? Again I repeat what a manufacturer said to me: —

'The Americans are dumping their goods. It is all very well to concentrate on standardization to the limit, but when you are turning out an immense number of expensive, or even medium-priced, cars you soon saturate your market. The immense increase of

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American construction has begun, and it cannot be stopped. The Americans must produce at any price, and they need the European market. In order to conquer this market, and in order to keep their factories going, they sell their goods to us at a loss and make up the difference at home.

'What is more, it is said that a big organization in which the most important American concerns have been grouped is preparing to make thirteen cars for the price of twelve. This means that on every thirteen cars produced the price received for twelve will cover the costs of them all. The thirteenth is destined for export.'

That is what they say, and we are in for a fine period of protection and tariff war. In the meanwhile, the statistics of our automobile business with foreigners remain favorable. We imported 16,216 machines in 1925, 5363 in 1926, and 3236 during the first eight months of 1927. On the other hand, we exported 56,689 automobiles in 1925, 54,675 in 1926, and 32,313 during the first eight months of 1927.

As I was walking out of the show, having made the rounds, I noticed an automobile that I thought looked very nice. It was of English origin. I asked the gentleman at the stand, 'What is the price of that automobile?'

'Six hundred and twenty-six thousand francs, Monsieur.'

But as I had no money on me, I left without buying it.

VALE

THE YOUNG KNIGHT

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Irish Statesman*]

SOFTLY out of a dream
there is a voice crying:
'Where I am
is no modifying
of beauty, no
compromise
in honor's — oh,
how perilous eyes,
No dimming of the vision,
no blade that tilts,
but only God's compassion,
and your kiss on the hilts.'

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Voltaire's Grave

THE discovery of a skeleton at a farmhouse on the site of the Abbey of Scellières bids fair to reopen the old argument regarding the burial place of Voltaire, for scientists who have examined the skull of the remains, which were buried in quicklime, insist that not only do its protruding jaw and other features resemble those of the famous French iconoclast, but that the skull is obviously that of an old man. Votaire, who provided many a sleepless night for his protagonists in the eighteenth century, has never been permitted to rest in peace since his death. Although he is supposed to lie in the Panthéon, many scholars question this as the final resting place of his material remains. Good Christians do not doubt Jehovah's disposal of his godless soul.

When Voltaire was on the point of death in Paris his nephew summoned the Abbé Gaultier of Scellières and two other priests. But Voltaire, half conscious, waved the priests away and died unshriven, maintaining his hostility toward the Church up to the very end. On July 10, 1791, by order of the National Assembly, his body was transferred to the Panthéon, and in 1864 it was proposed to restore the heart, which had been preserved in a little silver case; to the remains in the Panthéon. But when the coffin was opened it was found to be empty. At least such was the report at the time, although on December 18, 1897, a commission appointed by M. Rambaud, Minister of Public Education and Worship, and headed by Senator Hamel, again opened the tomb of Voltaire, which, according to the London *Times* of December 20, 1897, was said to contain a skull which showed a striking resemblance to his last portraits. The latter view is held by Mr. Richard Aldington and Professor Guerard of Stanford University, but it conflicts with the earlier report that the tomb was empty. No evidence was submitted in the latter investigation as to whether the skull was in two parts or not, although both the brain and the heart of Voltaire were removed before his body was embalmed. The heart is now preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Such, however, is the case for Voltaire's grave at the Panthéon.

But English newspapers of 1791 speak at length of the substitution of the body of a gardener or monk when Voltaire's remains were supposedly taken to the Panthéon. In a letter written to the Empress Catherine of Russia by her Ambassador to France, Prince Bariatinsky, we find an account of the manner in which the French public was being misled; and a letter from the lieutenant of police at Troyes at the time says: 'Voltaire was buried in the Abbey by his nephew, Abbé Mignot, who at once had the body placed in quicklime; so that the remains taken with great pomp to the Panthéon were not those of Voltaire.'

The discovery of a skeleton buried in quicklime at Scellières is supposed to authenticate the thesis that, since the Church had forbidden Voltaire's burial in consecrated ground, the story of the hurried burial by Abbé Mignot is true. The remains were unearthed by work-

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men making alterations in the chateau of Scellières, which is built on the site of the old Abbey. In making excavations for a furnace one of the laborers drove his pick through the skull, and a farmer, knowing nothing of the story of Voltaire, had the bones reburied immediately after they were photographed. The owner of the chateau, however, is much perturbed, and insists that if the bones are really those of Voltaire they should be taken from his premises immediately, for he will have nothing to do with the heretic.

The world has always made great fuss over the disposal of the mortal remains of men. Shakespeare himself felt constrained to warn, 'Curst be he that moves my bones,' while in the East the religious veneration paid to ancestors makes the authenticity of their graves of extraordinary importance. The London *Times* ventures the statement, 'Indeed, it might be argued that reverence for authentic graves is an invariable characteristic of the most highly civilized nations,' and quotes Pericles in Greek to add weight to the remark. But the veneration of worms and ashes is perhaps little more than sentimentality held over from a more superstitious and unreasoning age. What difference does it really make whether Voltaire lies buried at the Panthéon or not, so long as a few people, for whom Voltaire would have had no sympathy whatsoever, believe so? The real admirer of the fiery author of *Candide* will scorn the bickerings of scholars on this matter.

A Serb Poet

BALKAN men of letters apparently travel the road to international literary fame via the Boulevard Montparnasse, for we were ignorant of that talented Rumanian raconteur, Panaït Istrati, until Romain Rolland discovered him, and now Rastko Petrovitch, a Serb, has succeeded in making a name for himself in the French capital. After acquiring a reputation, numerous acquaintances, and some experience between the Rotonde terrace and the Fontainebleau classroom, he has returned to Belgrade to publish his first volume of collected verse, *Revelation*.

Although Petrovitch is but twenty-nine years old, he has enjoyed a store of adventures such as come only in the life of a Balkan. After spending several of his early years in Macedonia, he returned to his parents in Belgrade and took up literature. A Russian friend recovering from wounds received in the revolution of 1906 read Pushkin to Petrovitch, and his early work shows the strong influence of the Russian author. Petrovitch was fourteen years old when the Balkan War broke out, but he enlisted as a hospital attendant. Two years later he made his first trip through Europe, and then found himself on the verge of death from consumption, but recovered. During the World War he was forced to flee across Albania, marching through the snow for three months, and seeing thirty thousand of his comrades die of hunger and fatigue. He finally caught a ship for France, where he went to school at Fontainebleau, made friends among the younger French writers, and came under an influence which has superseded the earlier Russian strain. Rimbaud, Apollinaire, and Picasso opened up new perspectives for him, and shortly after he published his first poem in *Action* he became acquainted with Blaise Cendrars, Max Jacob, André Salmon, and a group of Dadaists.

For fear of being dominated by a foreign influence, he fled to his own country, as he wanted to express all the primitive force of his people in simple, strong language. He claims no system or theory, but merely seeks to express

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his thoughts precisely and clearly. This is what he has done in his first volume of verse. He had previously written two novels — one of them a decidedly puerile attempt to burlesque the Russian classics, the other an intellectual work based on the problem of knowing the value of life. His work is typical of the Balkans, and in its intellectual quality it is in the current of modern world letters.

Glozel's Alphabet

THAT French savants can make fools of themselves in controversy is obvious from the arguments which have arisen over the authenticity and identification of the archæological remains found at Glozel in France. Somebody, of course, must be wrong when one group, headed by Dr. Morlet and M. Salomon Reinach, who is none other than Director of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, asserts that the remains are Neolithic or six thousand years old; when another faction, led by M. Camille Jullian, an expert on Gallo-Roman civilization, insists with equal vehemence that the queer-looking bricks date from the Roman occupation of Gaul; and when M. Dussaud, curator of Oriental antiquities at the Louvre, calls the whole thing a fake and a fraud. Compromise is impossible; indeed, for any of the protagonists to admit error would be to destroy his reputation as a scholar, and all of them therefore cling to their theses with pitiful tenacity.

Briefly, the story of the finds is supposed to run as follows. In 1924 M. Fradin, a poor peasant living in the Auvergne region, turned up some peculiar brick formations while he was ploughing. He took samples to Dr. A. Morlet, the local physician, who discarded the stethoscope for the pick and shovel and turned up some brick wall on the little farm. M. Salomon Reinach was consulted, and a statement was issued saying that the remains were Neolithic and that the peculiar scratchings noted on the bricks constituted an alphabet which antedated the Phœnician.

This alphabet has caused most of the trouble, for should the opinion of these two archæologists prove correct it will become necessary for us to scrap many of our present teachings regarding early world history. Hitherto it has been believed that the East was the cradle of Western civilization, and that a clever race of merchants, the Phœnicians, invented the alphabet which we use to-day. But according to Dr. Morlet and M. Reinach, our alphabet is indigenous to Europe and was learned by the Phœnicians, who later taught it to Europe again after hostile Northern tribes had overrun Spain and Gaul and had destroyed all learning. M. Reinach has always leaned toward this theory, which may in part account for his ready acceptance of the Neolithic hypothesis at Glozel.

M. Dussaud of the Louvre Museum, however, raised the most spectacular hue and cry when he denounced the whole affair as a fake. He has promised to expose the whole hoax in a pamphlet, but so far his attacks have not been marked by perfect sportsmanship. His first allegations were made in a secret communication to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, although he publicly announced at the time that he believed the remains fictitious. Then followed an anonymous letter which he later acknowledged as his own. His charges, however, and the evidence which he submits, seem to carry some weight. For example, he points out that the bricks are comparatively soft, and were found in soft ground, and that in the course of even one or two thousand years they

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would never have been able to keep their shape, much less their inscriptions. The circular wall consists of nothing more than the remains of some blast furnaces of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, whereas the markings on the bricks are obviously done by some sharp steel instrument of recent vintage. He then points out that the persons perpetrating this hoax — and he specifically mentions Dr. Morlet and M. Fradin — were incredibly stupid in their choice of characters for their alphabet. One brick, for example, is made to read 'Glozel' by some palæologists and 'Christ' by others.

Nevertheless, perfectly unbiased visitors to Glozel feel convinced that Dr. Morlet and the peasant have acted in all good faith throughout the affair. When, however, the controversy began to assume international proportions, and became the subject for debates at congresses and conferences of scientists in almost every capital of Europe, Herriot, as Minister of Public Instruction, stepped in and applied the law protecting historic monuments to M. Fradin's farm. He appointed the Conservator of the Prehistoric Museum of Eyzies and an official from the Museum of St. Germain to superintend future excavations and to catalogue the remains as they were found. But both Glozelites and Anti-Glozelites object to this intrusion of the Government into their controversy, for they perhaps feel that it is better to hedge beforehand in case the conclusions of the Government's experts should fail to coincide with their own opinions.

Meanwhile words fly thick and fast. For example, Dr. Morlet is accused by M. Vayson de Pradennes of digging holes in the ground in which the physician buries bricks which he has marked in his own home. Dr. Morlet replies that de Pradennes tried to buy the place, and when he failed his envy prompted this attack; M. Reinach adds that the gentleman had probably eaten and drunk too well on the day he visited Glozel, and that he probably mistook the workings of moles for something more artificial. Aspersions on the intelligence of academicians have become a daily affair, and the newspapers have entered the controversy with an enthusiasm proportionate with ignorance.

All this must be a deadly blow to French vanity, for quite obviously somebody is wrong. It is all strangely reminiscent of Ossian in English literature, but even then we had no such diversity of opinion as exists at Glozel. We fear that the lesson to be learned from Glozel is that scholarship, honesty, and common sense do not always serve as handmaidens.

The Right to Life

THE right to life, the fundamental principle of our code of Christian ethics, has been widely discussed in England after a jury found not guilty a father who deliberately tried to kill his daughter in order to put her out of the intense pain which she suffered immediately before her inevitable death. The law, which is inexorable on this point, was circumvented by medical evidence which showed that the child died a natural death before being put in the bathtub to be drowned.

Edward Davies is a twenty-eight-year-old shipyard laborer with whom life has dealt harshly. He served his country honorably during the war, but when discharged in 1919 he could not find ready employment, and was forced to sell his furniture in order to save his home. Early this year his wife died from tuberculosis and curvature of the spine. Then Elsie, one of his five children, contracted tuberculosis, and after an attack of measles developed

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gangrene in the face. Death was only a matter of time, and the distracted father kept vigil at the bedside of his stricken child night after night, trying to assuage her intense suffering. On the night of July 9, unable to stand the strain any longer, he lifted the little girl from her cot and dropped her face downward into nine inches of water in the bathtub. In the morning he confessed to the police.

Had the victim been an animal rather than a human being, it would have been criminal to have permitted her to live. Our present code of ethics and law makes the act intended by Mr. Davies murder, although the public acclaim of the acquittal of the poor father indicates an attitude which would not draw a sharp distinction between human beings and other members of the animal kingdom. An amendment to the law to include the 'right to kill to end human suffering,' intelligent legislators fear, would weaken the entire structure; so we continue the code of the 'right to suffer.'

Nevertheless, we tread very close to the line regarding the sanctity of life in our infliction of the death penalty and in the legality of wars. Materialists would go further and deny the right to life to the mentally deficient and physically incompetent. The same argument pops up in the 'right to prevent life' held by birth-control enthusiasts, and it is reflected in some of our state laws which impose sterilization upon the incurably feeble-minded and insane. The entire question is a very ticklish one, for any wavering from the definite right of every individual to life may shake the entire social structure. The jury in the Chester Assizes in calling Mr. Davies not guilty evidently took all this into consideration, probably more so than the medical testimony showing that the child had died before the commission of the attempted murder. Perhaps Mr. Davies was not entirely wrong in his attempt; perhaps the duty to relieve suffering in this instance was stronger than the right to life; and perhaps the right to life, after all, is only a relative matter.

Sausages and Mud Packs

MR. JUSTICE HORRIDGE, holding court in England on a claim for damages, suffered the loss of no little dignity when a liver sausage, about a foot long, weighing two pounds, and wrapped in a white skin, was handed to him on the bench. It was a sample of the insidious evil which had wrecked the beauty of Miss Helen Richards, ruined her health, and brought an end to her life work as a beauty specialist. For with all her knowledge of mud packs, soaps, cold creams, powders, manicures, marcels, and other mysterious aids to feminine artificial beauty, nobody had ever warned her against making a quick lunch of a sausage sandwich. So she offered the *Wurst* as an exhibit in her claim for damages from a London caterer, and incidentally to warn other women of the dangers that lurked therein.

The attorney for the plaintiff pointed out that, although his client was only forty-eight years old, up to the time she ate the liver sausage 'she appeared to be less than her years. She had a fresh and a very good complexion, but her illness has largely ruined her figure, her appearance, and her complexion. She has suffered loss of earning power as a result.'

In cross-examination Miss Richards admitted that she did mud masks in facial massages. 'A mud mark?' asked Justice Horridge in surprise. 'No,' replied the attorney, 'a mud mask. I understand that mud masks smooth

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away the wrinkles that time has planted there.' Miss Richards added, amid laughter from the audience: 'They turn old women into young girls. But clients have not the confidence in me that they had before, because I want beautifying myself now.' Even the attorney for the defense agreed.

Miss Richards admitted that the pursuit of beauty went on with relentless and unceasing fervor, and that by her profession she earned about thirty dollars a week. Returning to the discussion of the liver sausage, Justice Horridge asked, 'What exactly is a liver sausage sandwich?' A doctor on the stand replied, 'I think it is a mixture, and there is liver in it.' Justice Horridge: 'What liver?' The doctor: 'I can't tell you.' Justice Horridge: 'You seem about as ignorant as I am.' The attorney for the plaintiff: 'I believe the principal characteristic of this liver sausage is that it does not contain liver.'

The case was continued, but it at least furnished us with some delightful evidence on the pursuit of artificial beauty, diet, and justice in England.

A Living Newspaper

THE troubadour has been brought up to date in the troupes of actors and actresses which have been organized to go about Soviet Russia disseminating news and amusing the public. A normal edition of this 'newspaper' employs at least twenty acrobats, singers, dancers, and parodists, who interpolate the propaganda and news of the day in their acts in such a manner that the Russian workingman or peasant can sit back and enjoy himself, taking his news as a sugar-coated pill to the tune of the latest popular song.

The scheme is very simple. At Moscow about twenty dramatists, or scenario writers, arrange the news of the world in vivid and easily assimilated form, and every fortnight a new programme is forwarded to the six thousand troupes who tour the country. For example, the flaxen-haired beauty of the Russian cabaret does not sing of love, but uses all her charm and magnetism in teaching her public the latest traffic regulations or explaining the prevailing diplomatic tangle. Some acrobats, in imitating machinery, may interpolate remarks not at all complimentary to the American motor-car industry and capitalism. If an actress toys with a sunflower, her audience does not hear romantic gush, but learns the utilitarian value of sunflower seeds. Parodies are written for the old popular tunes so that the Russian peasant may learn about the latest agricultural machinery. Humor is supplied by references to the old régime. Recently the 'living newspaper' proved its worth in the dissemination of publicity on the new standards of weights and measures.

These performances are free, the expense of putting on the show being borne by the trade-unions. The actors and actresses are professionals, whose salaries, though not high, are sufficiently attractive to draw one hundred thousand strolling players. The acts are given in quick succession, and every possible economy is effected in scenery and costumes. Crudely painted but vividly colored cardboard picture-frames, like those in the old Russian cabaret shows, are used extensively, and the costumes are ingenious contraptions which may be turned upside down, back side to, or twisted to make almost any sort of garment. Thus this unique theatre and newspaper combines many elements of the news reel, the town crier, and the troubadour, of Will Rogers, Balieff, and Lenin.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Spiel im Morgengrauen, by Arthur Schnitzler. Berlin: S. Fischer, 1927.

Mutter Marie, by Heinrich Mann. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay, 1927.

Töchter: Der Roman zweier Generationen, by Gabriele Reuter. Berlin: Ullstein, 1927.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER has brought the short novel to something like perfection of form. His latest work in this category is not quite such a remarkable example as the two previous, *Fräulein Else* and *Traumnovelle*, both of which have been reviewed in these columns, but it is, from beginning to end, a most effective piece of writing, gripping the attention rather by its construction than by its diction, or its psychological interest, which is rather superficial. The plot is not very original. A young lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian Army is appealed to by a comrade who is faced with disaster unless he can quickly pay his gambling debts. The lieutenant undertakes to gamble, and with the winnings he anticipates being able to help his friend. The long-drawn-out game of baccarat, with its alternations of loss and gain, its acute suspense and its intense anxiety, is admirably rendered. The fever of the play catches the lieutenant, and he finds himself at the end very heavily in debt. Now the expedient he had previously rejected as intolerable, an appeal to his uncle, is forced upon him. But he finds that the uncle has married a former *Geliebte* of his, has parted from her, and that she has control of his money. There is nothing for it but an appeal to her. Her manner is hard and businesslike. Still, she accepts a desperately proffered invitation to dinner, and leaves on the table, as 'payment for the entertainment,' a sum just enough to save the other officer. The young lieutenant shoots himself, and is found dead by his uncle, who had brought the necessary sum from his wife. The story is melodrama, inferior in depth and intelligence to both the stories already mentioned, but planned and built up with admirable skill.

Heinrich Mann's novel is also melodramatic, not only in matter, but in style; it is far from giving the illusion of complete reality. Felicie is the 'Mutter Marie' of the title. As a poor servant-girl she has an illegitimate child, whom she takes to the river-bank but has not the heart to drown. The baby is taken into the house of the childless General von Lambart and his wife, and brought up as their own. The mother, in the meantime, marries a rich old man, inherits his wealth, and then feels a longing for her child. At length she traces him, and finds him about to marry a poverty-stricken princess, if a shameless old profiteer, into whose clutches the General has come, can be forced to keep his hands off her. The rest of the story is concerned with how Felicie conquers her love for her son and her jealousy of the princess and coöperates in deceiving the villainous profiteer and in saving from financial ruin the General who had stolen her child. This is a frank piece of melodrama, even down to the long but, we fear, incredible scene in the confessional, where Felicie makes the great renunciation. The novel is saved from complete banality by the picture it gives of the General's household and the charming young princess, aristocracy reduced to beggary after the war.

The chief value of Gabriele Reuter's novel, too, lies in the picture it gives of a certain phase of German society during and after the war. In 1895 this popular woman writer made a 'hit' with her novel, *Aus guter Familie*, a story of a woman's emancipation, a kind of German equivalent to *The Woman Who Did*. The heroine, Dorothee, of this new book is of that generation. She goes away to Athens with her lover, an archæologist, has, unknown to anyone, a child before she marries, and

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then returns to lead a respectable and more or less happy married life. The central problem is her attitude to the license of the succeeding generation, represented by her daughter Petra, who, after a trial of conventional marriage, abandons herself to the feverish gayety and conscienceless pursuit of luxury and unhesitating surrender to the primitive instincts which, if we are to believe the German fiction-writers, — and this particular novelist appears to write from genuine observation, — accompanied and followed the German collapse to a degree unknown in other countries. Dorothee's hands are tied not only by her own early adventure, but by a complete moral agnosticism. As 'the woman who did,' after all, she had self-consciously defied a conventional standard and set up one of her own. But the succeeding generation has no standards. So, letting Petra go her own way, Dorothee devotes herself to her second daughter, the beautiful and innocent Helge. Her ingenuous girlish love is nearly wrecked by the decadent dancer, Leczinska, who had conceived the ambition of training the child for her particularly passionate and sensuous form of art. The reader finds himself working up some interest in the development of this secondary plot, when the novelist lets the miserable Petra, abandoned by her millionaire lover, enter into a respectable second marriage, and causes Helge to meet her death in a motor-car accident with the dancer — the fourth time in the story that the Angel of Death has been produced as the *deus ex machina*. It would obviously be easy to dismiss this novel as cheap popular fiction, but for the fact that it does form, in some sort, a mirror held up to Nature and a record of a practised novelist's progress in disillusionment.

King Edward VII: A Biography, by Sir Sidney Lee. Volume II, **The Reign.** London and New York: Macmillan, 1927. £1. 11s. 6*d*.

[*Spectator*]

This second volume of the Life of King Edward suffers from the loss of a particularly firm biographical hand. Before he died Sir Sidney Lee had virtually finished five of the thirty-two chapters of this second and concluding volume of the Life; he had also planned and collected all the material and made full memoranda for most of the other chapters. As the publishers say, the whole volume is therefore substantially his; where he did not write he 'inspired.' Nevertheless, it is hardly more than justice to that accomplished biographer, whose work for the *Dictionary of National Biography* lives in the grateful memory of his countrymen, to say that if Sir Sidney Lee had lived certain blemishes in this volume might not have been introduced or passed.

The few defects fortunately do not essentially spoil a picture which we believe to be as just as it is carefully drawn. Further researches evidently did much to heighten the estimate which Sir Sidney Lee had formed of King Edward's abilities when he wrote his original appreciation. King Edward falsified all those popular misgivings which attended his accession, just as the resolute Henry V developed out of the madcap prince. Sir Sidney Lee uses a penetrating phrase when he says that King Edward had the 'vital elixir of zest.' He was interested in everybody and everything; but he acquired his information in his own way; he frankly did not care for reading books. He was never tired of putting questions to everybody he met, and as he had a wonderful memory he continually had in his mind not only a various mass of information but a variety of personal opinions. There is an art in being a king, and King Edward showed that he understood this art from the moment he ascended the throne. He had been much more deeply influenced by Queen Victoria's persistence in standing by her rights and in taking a considerable share in government than most people supposed. It had generally been thought that Queen Victoria did not trust him enough to 'train him on' for sovereignty, but as a matter of fact the most important State documents and the Cabinet minutes had been shown to him for several years. . . .

Where King Edward excelled was in what might be called his diplomatic bonhomie. The present writer, who was in Paris at the time, will never forget the impression made upon him in 1903 by King

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Edward's visit to France when the Entente was being prepared. A few months before this visit the Emperor of Russia, assured though he was of a warm welcome from his allies, had driven hurriedly through the streets of Paris in a shut carriage. King Edward, all smiles and confidence, was driven slowly along in an open carriage. The whole British colony had been nursing for weeks beforehand fearful apprehensions about the bad temper that would probably be displayed by the crowd! King Edward was a social conqueror, and physically he was without fear. He there and then turned the initial admission of the Parisians that he was *bon garçon* into the conviction that he was their friend and a statesman too. All the documents on foreign affairs in this volume prove how intent King Edward was upon European peace. The Kaiser's provocative messages make an unpleasant contrast with King Edward's urbanity. But even the Kaiser did not suggest that Britain was trying 'to encircle' Germany. That accusation was made a good deal later.

One of the surprises of this volume is the information that not once but several times King Edward in fits of dejection — no doubt induced by acute bronchial catarrh — spoke of abdicating.

The blemishes of the book are in a few stray anecdotes which are not in key with the narrative, and in the estimate of King Edward's humor. His humor had no fine shades. It was schoolboyish in its conception and zest; its virtue was that it was delightfully friendly. He was unique in his power of combining such primitive fun with the unassailable dignity of a king.

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson: His Life and Diaries, by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell. London: Cassell; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1927. 2 vols. $10.00.

[*Saturday Review*]

THE typical great man's diary of twenty or thirty years ago made rather dull reading. It was apt, at any rate in the form in which it was allowed to reach the public, to leave a sense of disappointment behind it. It was too discreet. It did not say enough. The trouble with such a diary nowadays is, of course, that it says too much. And the really interesting and ironically humorous feature of the situation is that there is nothing to choose between the two evils. We are beginning at last to realize that to reprint every casual jotting from a man's diary, every hasty conclusion which he sets down one day but would probably repudiate — if he were given the opportunity — on the next, is to convey no more information about his considered opinions than if we had left it all out. The reader never knows when to take him seriously. In our craze for publicity, our eagerness to give everything and everybody away, we have merely concealed the truth behind a kind of smoke screen of trivialities.

We do not even succeed in giving the diarist away. There has been a tendency in some quarters to blame the late Sir Henry Wilson for the wild statements and half-baked opinions which occur so frequently in this book — or, at any rate, to excuse and explain them by pointing out that the author was an 'impulsive Irishman.' But it is quite unnecessary to be either impulsive or Irish in order to write as he has written in a diary never intended for publication. 'Outspoken in conversation and outspoken by nature, Sir Henry was no less outspoken on paper,' says the present editor, General Callwell; but the point is whether he would have been outspoken to this extent, or in this particular way, if he had known that the paper was going to be published. In fact, it is not a question of impulsiveness, but only of the mood in which a man sits down to write his diary. When Sir Henry wrote of Lord Haldane, 'What a funny old thing it is!' he made the sort of flippant comment that might occur to any of us in conversation with a distinguished politician; when he speaks of 'old Balfour,' and accuses Mr. Asquith — as he then was — of talking 'platitudes,' he is recording his private thoughts and impressions in a schoolboy's tone that any one of us might choose to employ as between himself and his diary. Of another politician he exclaims, 'How can good work be done with such fools!' It is a mere ejaculation, the result of a momentary annoyance which he had probably forgotten all about a month

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later. It would be interesting to compare Wilson's diary with those which may possibly have been kept by some of his present victims.

And if any further excuse be needed, it is to be found in the acute mental stress under which Wilson and everybody else was working during those fateful war years with which this book is principally concerned. Mr. Lloyd George, in a communication to the press, has already been at pains to show that some of the criticisms of himself which occur in this diary were strikingly at variance with the more considered opinions which Wilson went out of his way to express in his letters. . . .

It would be unfair to suggest that this book is of no historical importance. It contains a good deal of 'inner history' which may be profitably but cautiously studied when the excitement has died down. But as regards the diary itself, which occupies so large a proportion of the space, even the narrative of events, no less than the judgments upon men and policies, suffers from having been hurriedly composed, in widely different circumstances, and with no idea of its ever being used as a basis for serious history. It is a diary that any man might have kept, and as such it need not be excused. The only thing that seems to require some explanation is its publication in its present form.

The Making of a State, by Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. With an introduction by Wickham Steed. London: Allen and Unwin, 1927. 21*s*.

[*Sunday Times*]

'A GENERATION hence,' asks Mr. Wickham Steed in the opening paragraph of his admirable introduction to this most interesting volume, 'when the war and its antecedents are seen in perspective, who will be held to have won abiding fame?' Mr. Steed's answer to his own query is one which couples the names of President Wilson and Masaryk. It will seem, to many readers, a curious juxtaposition. There are many students of politics who regard Wilson as a pretentious and incapable bungler, while there is, and can only be, one estimate of Masaryk. It would, of course, be foolishly premature to proclaim that his work will endure for all time, or even for any very long period, just as he has accomplished it. Southeastern Europe will yet undergo transformations, and perhaps convulsions, as serious as any of which history holds record. But nothing that the future can bring will dim the glory of Masaryk.

He will stand with Huss and Ziska, with Mazzini and Garibaldi, with John Knox and William the Silent, on that pedestal common to the few historical figures that are the tutelary deities, not only of the peoples they represented, but of all who are oppressed and struggle for liberty, of all who dwell in darkness and crave for light. Buckle proclaimed that Scotland owed her soul to Knox; Motley made the same claim for William of Orange in respect of Holland. Future historians may hold it no exaggeration of eulogy to award similar praise to the liberator who, in the history of the Czech peoples, doubled the rôles of Mazzini and Cavour. Not the least generous tribute to Masaryk's influence, quoted by Mr. Steed, comes from the pen of an hereditary enemy, Hermann Rahr, apropos of that triumph of diplomacy, the reconciliation of the Serbs and Croats of Dalmatia: —

> It is remarkable that, when one inquires into this reconciliation and looks for the intermediaries who brought it about, one comes across, almost invariably, a pupil of Masaryk. It is nearly always somebody who, as a young man, once went to Prague, sat in his classroom, and, awakened by him, returned home to proclaim the gospel of concord. Masaryk's pupils have united the Serbs and Croats of Dalmatia, and are now bringing that distracted province to have faith in the future — so strong is the influence of the lonely Slovak in Prague, who seems to some a mixture of Tolstoi and Walt Whitman, to others a heretic, to others again an ascetic, and to all an enthusiast.

Mr. Masaryk's volume is at once a history and a fragmentary autobiography. Viewed in either aspect, it is one of the most noteworthy books published since the war. A history of great events, finely and modestly recounted by one who played a great part in them.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy, by Gaetano Salvemini. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1927. Vol. I. $3.00.

So intensely partisan is Professor Salvemini in this attack upon Fascism that we can hardly believe he gives a true impression of the dictatorship. Of course, we do not suspect him of falsifying facts, nor do we believe he would endanger his high reputation as an historian to present a deliberately deceptive picture. He has been altogether too careful in his footnotes, references, and appendices, and he is too much the scholar, to be caught up on any such score. But his material is written with such unfeigned bias that he fails to convince us. And when we learn that the author himself has suffered at the hands of the Fascisti, we suspect that his book may be tinged with revenge and malice. A picture painted with a tar-brush is rarely perfect.

A purely unbiased account, however, is perhaps too much to expect of any modern account of Mussolini and his Government, for, while one writer may be moved by hero worship, another may be impelled by hate. We have had a great deal of the former, and perhaps Professor Salvemini's account may balance the scales by presenting the sinister side of the matter. This first volume gives us the significant anti-Fascist details, with great accuracy, up to the Amnesty of July 31, 1925. But the March on Rome, of which the 'Black Shirts' are so proud, becomes in Professor Salvemini's book 'eight thousand Fascisti . . . badly armed, disorderly as carnival revelers, and dispersed . . .' The author presents much evidence on the Florentine affair, — we hesitate to call it either an incident or an outrage, — and the Matteotti murder, both of which make the present Government appear very black indeed. But we who have no axes to grind either for or against the Fascisti feel that Professor Salvemini could have made out a much stronger case for himself and his cause had he practised a little more moderation and chosen less denunciatory and inflammatory phrases. His letter to Mr. Shaw, printed in this issue, has a much more subtle tone, and is much more convincing.

Francis Joseph, by Eugene Bagger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1927. $5.00.

THE prodigious span of Francis Joseph's life links him with the French Revolution, — his own tutor's brother married Napoleon's widow, — and in the personality of the last great Hapsburg the eighteenth century lived on until a few months before Imperial Russia collapsed. In large measure, therefore, Francis Joseph's biography is the history of nineteenth-century Europe, and Mr. Bagger very properly goes back to 1815 as his starting point. From that date until 1950 he gives us a series of European episodes in which Austria played an important rôle. Other chapters deal with strictly biographical themes, including the education of the young Emperor, descriptions of his entourage, and the ever-beguiling story of his poor brother Maximilian's unfortunate career in Mexico. The modern historical method has had a purely healthy effect on Mr. Bagger's style, and his use of up-to-date psychology strikes us as shrewd and sound. He is also to be congratulated on having avoided the boudoir and concentrated on more important aspects of human activity. Where Emil Ludwig and Lytton Strachey sacrifice accuracy for smoothness, Mr. Bagger leans in the opposite direction, and in giving us a very great deal of excellent information he is forced to make his narrative follow the uncertain, jumpy course that life itself pursues.

We shall not attempt to summarize such a comprehensive book, but we recommend it to our readers without reserve. Particularly we commend it to the attention of

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the profound student of Viennese night life just back from two weeks in Central Europe and indignant at the present condition of the loveliest of all capitals and at the arrogance of the absurd Secession States. The vacillating, unimaginative, dutiful old Emperor and his corrupt ministers more than explain the mess in which Central Europe is plunged to-day.

Montaigne, by Irene Cooper Willis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $2.50.

MISS WILLIS is a worthy successor of Marie de Gournay in keeping Montaigne before the public, but she enjoys the added virtue of practising the moderation which the famous essayist so earnestly taught. In this little volume she has adroitly reversed the usual process of biography and depicted Montaigne's character by a study of his works — a method particularly apt in this instance because of Montaigne's intense powers of introspection and his aim to 'portray himself with a pen.' Miss Willis's choice of quotations is fair, and their insertion into the text of her study is exceedingly skillful. The volume is admirably adapted to the fifteen-minute-a-day reader, for it is a clear and concise summary of the Frenchman's essays and character. We also trust, however, that it will incite some benighted souls to take up Florio's translation and to read those charming bits of worldly wisdom written by the sage of Périgord.

The Man Who Conquered Death, by Franz Werfel. Translated by Clifton P. Fadiman and William A. Drake. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1927. $1.50.

IN this brilliant narrative Franz Werfel has depicted with a truly poignant pen the character of a bourgeois. The reader is elevated to sublime pity, not only for the dying Herr Fiala, who has been the imposing guard outside the National Treasury Office, but also for his simple Frau and the eccentric Klara. As may be suspected from the unfortunate and suspense-destroying translation of the title from *Der Tod des Kleinbürgers* to *The Man Who Conquered Death,* Herr Fiala does win his heroic fight to survive his sixty-fifth year, and his family is thus saved from disgrace by the insurance which would not have been payable had he died before that time. A funereal tone, a spirit of pity, pervades the entire book and grows in dramatic intensity, but it is a classic spirit, like the pity we feel for Œdipus or Lear, and rises above romantic morbidity. The translation as a whole is well done, but the publishers may have been a trifle pretentious to dub this twenty-thousand-word narrative a novel. The story may be read with ease at a single sitting, thus enabling the reader to catch the full flavor and power of an excellent book.

The Unbearable Bassington, by 'Saki' (H. H. Munro). New York: Viking Press, 1927. $1.50.

THE unaided discovery of 'Saki' provides a rare literary thrill. Rarely have characters and conversations sparkled so brilliantly; rarely are such precision and conciseness to be found in a modern full-length novel. 'Saki's' wit is delicious, clever, sophisticated; and in *The Unbearable Bassington* the tragedy is unsweetened bitterness, unmitigated misery. Comus is inconsiderate in his courtship of the slick and exceedingly wealthy Elaine de Frey, and loses the matrimonial prize to Youghal, a rising young politician. Comus goes to Africa, where he dies. There is added tragedy in the wall of ice which separates Francesca, the mother who 'could never overlook the fact that out of a dish of five plovers' eggs he was certain to take three,' and the irrepressibly impish Comus. 'Saki's' baptismal ingenuity is equaled only by his pointed characterizations.

H. H. Munro is one of those few authors whom we recommend without reservation.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

THE only garment fit for a man to be seen in is the kilt. — *Richard Sickert*

* * *

The wearing of a dress suit encourages gentler and more civilized conduct. — *James Weddell*

* * *

It would really seem that the understanding of English politics has not advanced in some parts of America beyond the level satirized by Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. A correspondent sends me the cutting of a leading article in a Boston newspaper on the subject of Lord Cecil's resignation. It it were not for its hostility to Mr. Baldwin, this effusion, which is intended for the instruction of American public opinion, would be positively comic.

'It would not be surprising,' it is asserted, 'if his [Lord Cecil's] activities were to prepare the way for a reorganization of the Government itself — that is, to a crisis which will result either in a general election or in the resignation of Mr. Baldwin and a return of Viscount Cecil to a leading position in the Cabinet without an election.'

We all remember the American editor who insisted to Martin Chuzzlewit that the Royal Family lived in the Tower of London. He was about as well informed as this Bostonian pundit who sees Lord Cecil's resignation as the occasion for the disappearance of Mr. Baldwin.

— *Morning Post*

* * *

A country governed by its people is as impossible as a theatre managed by its audience.

— *George Bernard Shaw*

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In twenty years the whole face of the country will be spotted with bungaloid growths, within which childless couples will sleep, after racing about the roads in their little motor cars.

— *Dean Inge*

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Sir Austen Chamberlain, when he was driven into a corner the other day at the Assembly of the League of Nations, ended his defense of his country's interests by expressing the pious hope that the League would very slowly and gradually develop from a sapling into a sturdy oak. Another metaphor was developed by Professor Saintsbury in his *Scrap Book*. 'People who have lived in the Channel Islands,' he wrote in that most delightful of little books, 'know the cabbage stick — the stalk, dried, varnished, and variously prepared, of the tall indigenous cabbage. . . . As a humble but lifelong student of politics, may I ask whether there was ever such a cabbage stick as the League of Nations? So tall! so polished! so finely knotted! so suggestive of a real oak plant! and so certain to crack at the first serious strain!' — *Morning Post*

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The idea that children should be grateful to their parents is out of date. — *Miss Faithfull, Principal of Cheltenham College*

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Woman resembles the ape more than does the man. — *Professor Arthur Thomson*

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The average ape is a well-behaved person: education has taught us many new vices.

— *Reverend E. L. Macassey*

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Traffic regulations posted in the Tokyo Central Police Station are reported by an American missionary as follows: —

(1) At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly.

(2) Do not pass him by, or otherwise disrespect him.

(3) When a passenger of the foot hove in sight tootle the horn, trumpet at him, melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning 'Hi! Hi!'

(4) Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaust box at him as you pass him by, go soothingly by.

(5) Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

(6) Go soothingly in the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

(7) Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

(8) Press the brakes of the foot as you roll round the corner to save collapse and tie up.

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